THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. Terms: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOL. VII. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1874. NO. 24.

What I Saw.

saw the sunset flush the sky,
Then fade and die;
The roses make their bright display,
And then decay.

I saw a face, 'twas young and sweet,
But years were fleet;
I felt the fragrant breath of June,
'Twas autumn soon.

But whispered yet to still my troubled breast,
The pleasing tale,
"Though time and change may rob thee of the rest,
Love will not fail."
Vain was the thought, how vain!
I ne'er will love again.

The Valley Ride.

The first cool breeze of early morn, with many a whispered tale
Of new-born Spring, came wafted down through Hampshire's rocky vale,
Where busy thousands, newly waked to life, bade sleep away,
And joyously bestirred themselves to greet the opening day.

Then into Williamsburg there came, all breathless and forlorn,
A mud-stained man—"For God's sake, fly! The banks are nearly gone!
The reservoir is giving 'way! Fly for your lives!" he cried—
Some answered 'twas an idle tale; some started terrified.

Then up spoke honest Collins Graves: "If this indeed be so,
'Tis right that all the folks below their danger great should know.
Hark! what's that roar?" and then, as o'er his mind the dire truth flashed,
He jumped astride the nearest horse, and down the roadway dashed.

And, as he went, behind him loud and louder grew the roar;
One instant glanced he quickly back, and in that glance he saw
A sight that froze his very blood, and made him faster urge
His panting steed, at breakneck speed, along the river verge.

"Fly! Fly!" he cried, "Fly, one and all. Not e'en an instant spare,
The reservoir has given way. The torrent's coming. There—
D'ye hear its roar? There—see, it comes," and Collins Graves was gone,
While close upon his horse's heels the flood came rushing on.

Through Skinnerville and Haydensville, and Leeds and Florence, too,
Like winged messenger from God, the intrepid rider flew;
And following ever close behind, the watery wall came down,
Engulphing in its cruel wave, cot, forest, man, and town.

The handiwork that man had wrought, the treasured work of years,
The wealth begot of smithy's sweat, or coined in woman's tears—
The greedy monster hissing, roaring with a demon laugh,
Came plunging mercilessly down, and swept them off as chaff.

Ah! when that sunny morning dawned, who could have told the tale
Which ere the sun had set should shroud in gloom that busy vale;
Or seen the faces that looked up to greet the morning light,
Lie there beneath the eventide, so pallid, cold, and white?

God pity them, and pity those who, all bereaved yet live
To tell in future years the shock that fatal morn did give.
But long as each survivor power of speech and memory saves,
Let speech and memory tell the deed of honest Collins Graves.

THE WRONG LETTER.

Mr. John Olson, a well-to-do business man, was at his office engaged in opening and reading letters. Mr. Olson had made the long journey from his residence to his place of business in a very comfortable mind. The steady, cold rain had kept many people at home, and he had a seat in the car all the way down, a something that did not occur very often. With his whiskers still damp from the short walk from the point where he left the car to his office, with his feet comfortably near the fire in the grate, with drafts, money-orders and bank-notes turning up frequently in his letters, Mr. Olson was happier, possibly, than if no storm had been raging outside. The contrast caused him to feel delightfully secure in his comfort, and he smoked his morning cigar and leisurely read letter after letter.

Mr. Olson was an enthusiastic and energetic business man, but there were times when he liked to take things easy, and this morning was one of them. He could not recall a morning, as he read a letter enclosing a check for fifty dollars, when he felt so inclined to take his ease or enjoy his cigar and fire and easy-chair. The next letter, opened lazily, with eyes half shut, did not contain any money, and the opening words, "My dear husband," caused a general change of attitude on the part of the reader.

"Mistake. Not for me," thought Mr. Olson, as he looked again at the address on the envelope. "Yes it is. John Olson, Esq., plain as the nose on a man's face. And Olson is not a common name. Our family was the only one in our State, in the east, and since we came here, seven or eight months ago, have not heard of a man of the name. Let's look at the signature."

This was the tenor of Mr. Olson's thoughts, as he took up the letter again, turned to the last page and read, "Your loving wife, Mary J. Olson."

"My wife's name! What's my wife writing to me for?" questioned the man, in a confused way, and for the moment entertaining only the thought that the letter was from his wife, he was reading.

"My Dear Husband: I have not the heart to write much. It is all trouble here. I am distressed beyond endurance. The men came last night and took away the sewing-machine, and talked horridly to me because I insisted we had paid twenty dollars, when they said we had paid only five. I am sure you told me twenty. I never thought men could talk to me as they did. Then the man who owns the house abused me and threatened me, and even our old butcher and grocer have bullied and insulted me. I have no money—not a cent, when I pay the postage on this letter—and there is scarcely a thing in the house to eat. I tried to pawn my bracelets and pin this morning, and the man offered me three dollars for them, and you know they cost fifty. And *he* bullied me, and I thought I should go distracted. Oh, it is terrible, John! I don't see why all the bad luck comes to us, while others prosper.

I wish I was dead—that's what I do. Do send me a little money, if it's only a dollar, and tell me what to do.

"Your loving wife,

"Mary J. Olson."

Mr. John Olson, of the office-chair, was shocked beyond measure. He pushed the letters with money in aside for his book-keeper, and thinking the man to whom the letter was addressed must be found immediately (Mr. Olson had resolved to go to him, explain how the letter came into his possession, and help him, if need be), he called:

"Mr. Bradford, take the directory and see how many Olsons there are in town, will you?"

Mr. Bradford, from behind his high desk in the next room, said, "Yes, sir," and there was quiet. Mr. Olson had been married two years. Here was a woman who wrote almost as good a hand as his wife—in fact, the writing of the two was very much alike—destitute and desperate. He could not imagine what his wife would do under like circumstances, and yet, with bankrupt firms all about him, he understood that present prosperity afforded little guarantee against poverty. He absolutely shivered as he thought of the little woman who had followed him to the door that morning to kiss him and caution him about going down the steps, and about getting on the cars—he shivered as he thought of her, destitute and desperate, and subjected to rudeness, and he was shaking his fist mentally at the offending ruffians, when the crisp voice of Mr. Bradford ejaculated with statistical bluntness, "Two hundred and seventy-five, sir."

"What do you mean?" questioned the unrealizing Mr. Olson.

"That there are two hundred and seventy-five Olsons in town, sir?"

"*What?*"

There was so much astonishment in this tremendous "what" that Mr. Bradford came forward to explain.

"How many John Olsons?" questioned the thunderstruck owner of the much-used name.

"Two, four, eight, twelve, sixteen, twenty, twenty-four—no, twenty-three, sir. Two artists, one blacksmith, four carpenters, five clerks, two book-keepers, one glazier, seven laborers, two merchants and—"

"That will do. Let me take the directory, please."

One glance at the pages of the directory convinced Mr. Olson that Mr. Bradford had stated the case correctly. He looked at the long list of Olsons in stupid astonishment, not unmixed with indignation. Here was a muddle. How could he find the right man in such a town? He settled one question, however. He enclosed five dollars in a blank sheet of paper, and putting this in an envelope, mailed it at once to the unfortunate Mary J. Olson, saying to himself that he would look up Mr. John Olson at his leisure. He returned the letter to the post-office, with the endorsement, "Opened by mistake, by John Olson, 215 Blank street," and forgot the man for the day.

He told the story to his wife that evening, and she was intensely interested, and, practical little woman as she was, she proceeded to consider plans for finding the man. It was finally agreed that the campaign should be opened by inserting an advertisement in the morning papers. Mr. Olson knew that thousands of people were out of employment, and that all of those who could find opportunity, eagerly scanned the "want" columns of the great dailies, in hope of finding promise of something to do. And one morning, not long after, thousands of eager eyes read: "Mr. John Olson, formerly of Pittsburgh, is requested to report at 215 Blank street, where he will learn of something to his advantage." This, she argued, would surely bring the man, whereas a cold, unpromising statement would not.

The second morning after the appearance of the advertisement, three men were waiting for Mr. Olson when he entered his office. One of these entered his private office with easy assurance, before he had removed his overcoat, and, placing the advertisement clipped from the paper on Mr. Olson's desk, stated that he had come in answer to the request contained therein.

This man was not shabbily dressed, and he affected the air of a superior man, compelled by circumstances to do what he would not do were he not in distress. Mr. Olson had imagined that his namesake was a shallow man, with treacherous promise on the surface, like the smooth-faced, soft-haired individual now before him, and he was about to tell the story of the letter and say plainly that he was ready to assist the man to help his family, when a glance from Mr. Bradford caused a change of programme. This glance had the confidence of "figures won't lie" in it, and intimated that the visitor was a fraud. Mr. Olson, without accepting the estimate, resolved to be on his guard. The man stated that his name was Olson, and, in answer to a direct question, said his wife and two small children were in the city and in a condition bordering on destitution. He disliked to admit it, but such was the case; he had come from Pittsburgh just after his marriage, and had been quite well-to-do until the panic spoiled all his plans.

Mr. Olson informed the man, who was much inclined to enlarge upon his woes, that he was not the person wanted, and was at once appealed to to give the applicant enough money to purchase a breakfast. The money was given, and with a profound bow of thanks the man departed, apparently in a very happy frame of mind. Mr. Bradford explained that the man's name was not Olson, and that he made a business of answering advertisements where assurance and a pathetic story could easily be made to do duty.

Mr. Olson was therefore indignant when the second man entered and stated that Mrs. O'Brien's boy had told him, while he was putting in Mrs. O'Brien's coal, that John Olson was wanted at 215 Blank street, and there he was. He was a laboring man, had always lived in the city, and knew nothing about Pittsburgh. He departed with, "No harm done, stranger."

The third man was stout and hearty, except, as he remarked, in the matter of clothes. Mr. Smith had told his wife about the advertisement, and as he came from Pittsburgh about fifty-nine, and as his wife had insisted that it might mean him, he thought he would call. He didn't expect a gold mine, or anything of that kind, but thought somebody had a job of work that would bring in a few cents for the babies. After answering several questions he received the announcement that he was not the man in the best humor. "I thought so. I never am—but wife, you know, she thought I ought to come. This time Mr. Olson said, "No harm done, sir. Leave your name, and I may be able to throw some work in your way." And the man departed in great glee.

Mr. John Olson was disappointed, and as he laughingly related the circumstance to his wife, he asked, "Well, what will we do next?"

They did nothing, although they felt keenly that something ought to be done. Two days afterwards, in the midst of a heavy snow storm, a lady in waterproof suit entered Mr. Olson's office to report that, as one of the Ladies' Benevolent Society, she had found, in her district, a man who answered to the name, John Olson, and who, she had ascertained, had lived at Pittsburgh. This man had been very sick for three weeks, and was still very low. He had been cared for during this time by a family in not the best circumstances, and although they had borne the extra burden without complaint, if the man had relatives or friends they should look after him. Her attention had been called to the advertisement by a man who, the day before, had shoveled the snow from the sidewalk in front of her house, and she had called with the hope of finding help for the invalid and relief for the family.

Mr. Olson stated briefly the relations he held to the case, and then went with the lady to the house—a house with three rooms, sheltering man and wife, several children and the invalid. The man had been for a few days a fellow-laborer with the master of the house, and when taken sick they took him in. They knew little about him, and had not known, until the fever left him, that he was married and that his wife was living.

The sick-bed scene was not an unusual one, and yet it startled Mr. Olson when he entered the room. The attitude, expression, and general appearance of the man suggested an almost forgotten something that he could not recall. There was some element in this picture that had been present in some other picture—and yet he could not recall any features of the other picture. He simply entered the sick room, with more superstitious uneasiness than he had ever felt before on such an occasion.

The invalid was very weak, and he spoke with touching humility and tenderness of his wife. He seemed a very child in his over-anxiety to have the listeners think well of her. His one great desire now was that some one should write to his wife and say that he had been sick—not that he was sick—and that this fact explained why he had not written to her. She was very excitable, and he hoped some one would write very carefully so as not to needlessly alarm her. He had thought the matter all over, and he desired his wife to dispose of their little property in the eastern city and go to his father's, who was a farmer, and remain there until he was able to start a new life.

The letter was written and mailed, and Mr. Olson became much interested in the sick man. The bearing of this man was peculiar. It was evident that he had been greatly disappointed and made desperate by misfortunes, and that he was now suffering from remorse and busying himself with new resolves. He did not grow stronger, and it was generally believed he would not.

When Mr. Olson had read the complaining letter from the wife of the invalid, he thought the case was bad. When he could not find the man addressed it had seemed to him much worse. When he did find the man, sick and helpless, and remembered that a wife destitute and desperate in one large city was appealing to a husband not only destitute, but dangerously sick, in another large city, he knew it could not be much worse. And in all his consideration of the case, he thought most of the woman.

One evening as Mr. Olson was about to leave his office, a woman entered hurriedly, and announcing that she was Mrs. Olson, wife of the sick man, desired to be informed where she could find her husband. Her agitation, the misery expressed on her face, the eager, pitiful questioning of her eyes, almost called tears from the man, who answered her inquiries and then asked:

"You received my letter containing the directions dictated by your husband?"

"Yes. But do you suppose I would do it? I was nearly frantic. I determined to come to John if I had to walk every step. The people helped me, and here I am. Is he very sick? Poor fellow, and I didn't know it! Why didn't you write me sooner?"

Mr. Olson explained and went with the woman to see her husband, thinking that the features of the case did not improve. After meeting her husband, the woman was so much distressed and agitated that it seemed as though the family we e to have two invalids on their hands instead of one.

A week of anxiety passed, and the man was pronounced out of danger. Something had caused him to take a more cheerful view of life, and he was already considering plans for the future and talking incessantly about them. He was coming up from his sick-bed a changed man. He had been suspicious, defiant, reserved, through all the previous years of his life from boyhood. He had been uniformly unfortunate, even in his married life. The great trouble had been that he had convinced himself that his wife did not love him. His jealousy once aroused, he attached great weight to every trifling circumstance, and many of his projects failed simply because he had no great desire to succeed. His wife's complaints were reproaches that maddened him. And finally he left home with the intention never to return. He sent what little money he earned home, but his wife's complaints followed him in her letters. He forgot that she did not understand his intentions, and took a mournful satisfaction in denying himself that he might send her money. Finally there came a time when he could earn no money, and the frenzy incident thereto made him one of the wildest of the workingmen appealing for aid, and the excitement and exposure incident to his destitution ended in sickness and despair. He had gone down with a heart full of bitterness and suspicion. He came up with a heart tender from its over-fullness of thankfulness. The fact that his wife had overcome so many difficulties in coming to him, and had exhibited such anxiety as to his recovery, and such untiring devotion, had cleared his vision wonderfully. A woman that could so care for a man must love him, and, casting all suspicions aside, he had resolved to commence life anew in more ways than one.

This confession was made to his friend, John Olson, when the latter told him the story of receiving the wrong letter.

There were several happy people in that little house when John Olson, invalid, took his first step, supported by John Olson, his friend. That there was a nearer relationship that they did not know until the grandmother of the latter, weeks afterwards, traced it out, and then were all the mysterious, shadowy suggestions of the sick bed scene explained. And this good old grandmother says, very reverently, that God's hand was in the letter that went wrong, and that both men ought to recognize it. And while the young men take a slightly different view, they thank God all the same.

Curious Transpositions.

A writer has given the following literary curiosity. There are twenty readings of the same line, without adding or exchanging a word, or changing the ending or injuring the sense. The line is from Gray's Elegy:

"The plowman homeward plods his weary way.

Variations:

The weary plowman homeward plods his way.
The weary plowman plods his homeward way.
The homeward plowman plods his weary way.
The homeward plowman, weary, plods his way.
The homeward, weary plowman, plods his way.
The weary, homeward plowman, plods his way.
Homeward the weary plowman plods his way.
Homeward, weary, the plowman plods his way.
Homeward the plowman plods his weary way.
Homeward the plowman, weary, plods his way.
Weary, the homeward plowman plods his way.
Weary, homeward, the plowman plods his way.
Weary, the plowman plods his homeward way.
Weary, the plowman homeward plods his way.
The plowman plods his homeward, weary way.
The plowman plods his weary, homeward way.
The plowman, homeward, weary, plods his way.
The plowman, weary, homeward, plods his way.
The plowman, weary, plods his homeward way.

A Fortune.—James Colter, a quarryman in the iron works at Paducah, Ky., and lately a street laborer, has gone to England to get a fortune left him by his uncle, who died about seventeen years ago. The executors of the latter's will have been looking for the heir since his uncle's death, and only found him recently by accident. They are satisfied of his identity, and sent him money to pay his passage to London, where the property is that he inherits. The value of the property is in the neighborhood of $200,000, part of it being a fine residence worth $50,000.

A X-ROADS RAID.

Nasby tells us how they Protected Bascom's Money until Bascom had his Eyes Open.

The X-Roads had been dry for days after the ladies made a raid on Bascom's, and the state of affairs was terrible.

At last one mornin Bascom's oldest son, Jehiel, who hed kept at the Stashen at Secessionville all the time for two weeks, with a single wagon, wuz seen a ridin down the hill urjin the mule to its utmost speed.

"Hooray!" sed Bascom, "it hez come at last!"

Immejitly there wuz a change. Deekin Pogram riz, and fallin on his knees said devoutly, "Thank Hevins!" Issaker sprang to his feet and Elder Pennibacker and McPelter shouted "Ha! ha!" with ez much power as they had left in 'em.

Thank the Lord, the mule didn't baulk. Ez ef impressed with the importance uv its mishen, it come up gallantly to the door and backed up squarely, that the precious load mite be easily and quickly taken out. It wuz unloaded safely; the spigot wuz druv in, a bottle wuz filled, we drunk the revivin draft and wuz saved!

But how to pertect our treasure wuz the question. Lucindy Gavitt had swore that she wood bust every barrel uv likker that wuz brot to the Corners, and we knowd she wood keep her oath ef it wuz possible.

Issaker sejested that she be pizened, but that idee wuz yoonanimously rejected.

"Hev I no friends?" askt Issaker. "Do yoo all hate me?"

A good many other plans wuz discusst to head off this terrible female, but none uv 'em seemed feesible.

At last I hit it. I sed that we must guard it with our strong rite arms. Let us arm ourselves with axe-helves and go out on each uv the four roads and stop by force every woman who appears on the street, unless it is certain she hez no hostile intenshuns. Let us go in twos—eight will suffice. Let us be stern and inflexible.

Bascom thought the sujestion wuz a good one.

"Uv course," sed I, "the pickets will be entitled to their sustenance, gratis, while in active service."

"Certainly!" sed Bascom, "at regular intervals, when no enemy is in site, they may come in and get a refresher and git back to their dooty."

Then came a trouble which I hed not anticipated. Every man in the Corners volunteered to go on guard duty. That free drink wuz a bounty wich fetched them.

It wuz finally announced that we should take turns at it. Myself, Deekin Pogram, Issaker Gavitt, Captain McPelter, Absalum Pettus, Zach Porgeous, Elder Pennibacker and Sim McGrath I selected for the first day's dooty. I put myself in the first day, for I wanted the first pull at the arrangement, hevin' an idea how it would come out.

The Deekin and I volunteered to take the post uv danger, which wuz the South road, onto which Lucindy Gavitt lived.

We went out and took our stashuns, and looked up the road and down the road.

"There is no wimmin in site, is there?" sed the Deekin.

"Nary," sed I; "the coast is clear."

"Parson, the coast bein' clear, isn't it time that we go down to Bascom's for the refresher he spoke uv? This is fearfully tryin' dooty."

I agreed with the Deekin, that, bein' old men, we needed suthin' bracin', and down we went. Ez we entered the door we wuz astonished to see the other six at the bar, all a takin' their drinks.

We got ours and went back, and again viewed the field. It wuz still quiet. Lucindy, wuz, it wuz evident, not yet ready to move.

"Deekin," sed I, "does the foe appear?"

"Nary foe!" sed he, "the enemy is not in site."

"England expex every man to do his dooty, Deekin, but hedn't we better amble gently to Bascom's and git a sustainer? This is fearfully exhaust in'."

Before the words wuz out uv my mouth the Deekin hed made a dozen rods. I wuz pleased to see the old man so active. We reached Bascom's in a very short time—very short, indeed—and there, somewhat to my surprise, stood the other six, all crookin' the pregnant hinges uv the elbow. Bascom did not hev a pleased expression on his countenance.

Agin we departed for our posts, and we peered up and down the road. We saw suthin' moving out uv Issaker's house! It wuz a female. The second look revealed the muskeler form uv Lucindy! She hed her sun-bunnet on and a axe in her hand!

"Deekin!" sed I, "stand firm. That enraged woman is agoin for Bascom. Let us acquit ourselves like men."

The Deekin's nose grew bloocr, but his lips closed ominusly. I felt I cood depend on him. But Lucindy didn't go out the front door yard. She hed come out to split wood, and she split it, and takin an armful went back into the house. He wuz nervous with excitement.

"Parson!" sed the Deekin, "I'm all unstrung. I thought the hour uv conflict had come. This drain on my nervous system is too much. I must hev a soother."

And we went. I wuz frozen with astonishment. The first site that met my eyes ez we entered Bascom's wuz the other six a standing back from the bar and lissenin to Bascom, who wuz gesticulatin wildly.

"This little game is played out," sed Bascom. "You git no more likker uv me except in the reglar way."

"But Bascom," sed I, "ef we guard your property, its ez little ez yoo kin do to keep us in refreshments. Consider our ardoous servis."

"Bah!" wuz his reply. "Yoo've bin on dooty an hour and yoo've drunk four times, wich is to say thirty-two drinks in an hour. I've been exercisin a little arithmetic while yoo wuz out tho yoo didn't stay away long enuff to give me the time to do a sum in simple multiplication decently. But in a bar rel there's about 1,200 drinks—at thi rate yoo'd drink a barrel in two days. This looks to me as tho yoo wuz pertektin yoor property insted uv mine. I don't want my prsperty pertekted on these terms. Such pertekshen may be sufficient, but it's rather expensive. I——"

"But, G. W.," I replied, "do yoo want these wimmin a raidin on yoor premises? Do you want this precious flooid a runnin all over this floor agin?"

"I wood ez soon see it a runnin all over this floor ez to see it a runnin down yoor throats, gratis. I don't see that it makes any difference to me where it runs, ef I don't git nothin for it. Gentlemen, it's money, or no likker."

And here it ended. Bascom wuz inflexible. The grosery hez no organized pertekshun. Ef we hev no money we kin git no likker, and without likker, we shel get too weak to hev the power to resist. Whenever Lucindy and her petticoat hosts appear, they will hev an easy victry. I am without hope.

A MAN-CHILD.

Scene: in the country. *Dramatis personæ:* Opal, aged seven; Inspired Idiot, aged five.

Opal (*loquitur*): "Eh! I. I., won't you feel nice by-and-by, when we go back to town, and you have to have a nurse following you round everywhere?"

I. I. feels the iron enter into his soul, but the far-off shining sun of manhood rises with healing in his wings.

"But one of these days, Opal, I shall be a big boy. I shall be thirteen years old. I shall be big as Vaughan, and then I shall go every where. But you, Opal, you never will be a boy. You will always be a girl."

"Yes, but I shan't have a nurse always. I shall go by myself."

This I. I. cannot gainsay, and he squares himself as bravely as may be to endure the degradation of a nurse. Or to fling it off. Which shall it be? I know of a boy nine years old who has never been out-doors in the city without being under the eyes of his nurse. There is a certain sense of safety and protection in this which must be very comforting to the mother; but does it not mar self-reliance, and irritate the love of adventure that ought to exist in boys? The Inspired Idiot gradually wears away from the thralldom of nurse and guardian, and fronts the world alone. A thousand dangers menace him. He is caught swinging under carriages in the thronged streets, and is brought back by the police. He wanders into hotels, and motherly women lay hands upon him, and wash his face—an attention which he seems to consider as much in order as any other rite of a fashionable call. Here he comes now swing up the steps, overcoat unbuttoned and flying open, cap bravely set on the back of his head, both hands in his pockets, well content with all the world.

"Eh! Opal! Yoh! See what I've bought for you! Bertha Blonde, eh!"

"But where did you get the money?"

"Mr. Olde gave it to me and all that is her dresses. Look-a-here, Opal."

"But who is Mr. Olde? What Mr. Olde gave you the money?"

"Mr. Olde gave it to me. That's up where father is."

"How did you know his name was Olde?"

"'Cause I *know* him. I tumbled over his leg once."

This must be accepted as proof of intimacy.

"But, I. I., did you ask him for money? Beggar-boys do that."

"No, I didn't ask him, neither"—in an aggrieved tone.

"How came he to give it to you, then? Tell us all about it. Where did you see him?"

"On the avenue."

"And you went up and asked him for money?"

"No, I didn't ask him. He gave it to me."

"Tell me just what he said first. Did you speak to him first, or he to you?"

"He spoke to me. He said what was I crying for and I said a boy got my rattle-bones and he said all right and he gave me twenty-five cents."

"But where did you get your rattle-bones?"

"I *bought* 'em."

"Where did you get that money?"

"I got it at home. Father gave it to me and I went down street and I went into a store and I bought my rattle-bones and—"

"How much did you pay for them?"

"Twenty-five cents and I and—look-a-here—I bought my rattle-bones and I come out and a boy came along—e-h-h" (gasping for breath in the rapidly increasing rush of narrative)—"lemme tell you!—and a boy came up and said would I lend him my rattle-bones and he would give me some cake and I gave him my rattle-bones and he said he must go round the corner and get the cake and he took my rattle-bones and —e-h-h—he went round the corner—Opal, would you rather have Bessy Blue than Bertha Blonde 'cause I'll go down thavenue and change it!"

"No, no; never mind Bessy Blue. What did the boy do when he got round the corner?"

"Lemme tell you! He got my rattle-bones and he went round to get the cake and never came back and I went round to get him and he wasn't there and the man that had the cake said he had not been there no more never and—eh-h-h—he had my rattle-bones and never came back and—he ought to 'a told me he's a thief!" with a sudden yell, as it dawned upon him that he had been cheated.

"Then Mr. Olde came up, and you asked him to give you some money, did you?"

"No, I did not ask him. Mr. Olde came along and I was crying 'cause that boy he didn't come back with my rattle-bones; he'd gone off with my rattle-bones and Mr. Olde asked me what was I crying for and I said a boy had run off with my rattle-bones—Opal, *don't* you want Bessy Blue?"

"Yes; I said Bessy Blue all the time."

"Well, I asked for Bessy Blue and she gave me Bertha Blonde and I didn't know 'twas Bertha Blonde till I got home. Gimme here, Opal; I'll go and change it."

"You said a boy had run off with your rattle-bones. What did Mr. Olde say then?"

"And Mr. Olde said"—resuming his rapid recitative—"Mr. Olde said he said what did my rattle-bones cost and I said twenty-five cents and he gave me twenty-five cents and said go buy some more—e-h-h—and I said I wanted to buy Opal some paper dolls too and he said what would that cost and I said twenty-five cents and he said all right and he gave me twenty-five cents more and I bought Opal's paper doll. I asked for Bessy Blue—e-h-h—and she gave me Bertha Blonde and it was dark and I couldn't see till I got 'most home and cawldn't go back to buy my rattle-bones 'cause 'twas too far and Mr. Olde said all right and I've got my quarter, I've got him! There he is!" brandishing his scrip aloft with a shout of exultation.

"And then you came directly home alone?"

"No, Mr. Olde came with me. And I went into a store with him like where you go, mamma. I have been there with you, mamma."

"Did Mr. Olde ask you to go in with him?"

"No; a man came out and made him go in and me. And he gave him some champagne and me too and I tasted it and I did not like it and then he gave me some more and I did not like that either and I said that wasn't the champagne my father drinks and he said 'Try him with the sherry' and I did not like that either and they laughed and then we came home and Mr. Olde went to the Clarendon and he said 'Now you know the way home?' and I said yes. Hoh! jus' if I didn't know the way home!"

And now approaches bed-time for the Inspired Idiot. Repeatedly during dinner, when he is tired of swallowing, has he plumped his head deep down into the folds of his mother's dress to rest and refresh himself for new deglutitory efforts. After dinner he deploys on two chairs, or on the floor, it may be, in an ecstasy of flatness. But when he goes up to bed his spirits revive. He kicks off first one shoe, then the other, and runs a race around the room in his stockings. Then he is moved with reminiscences of the marionettes, and he tells you how the Punch or some other puppet fell from a great height and was broken to pieces, and then gathered himself together, and "he rose and he rose and he rose till he had as many *roses* as there were before!" He is seized also with the spirit of prophecy, and glows with the guns and swords and ponies that he is speedily to become possessed of, and which gradually mount from one of each kind for himself to a thoroughly equipped cavalry force ready for battle. "And won't my pony look funny when he sees me coming?"

And now the outer layer of integuments is cajoled off, and he stands in the *deshabille* of Angola, eloquent and gesticulating, till the spirit of fun and frolic comes upon him, and he casters about the room once more, jumps upon the sofa, buries himself among the pillows, kicks up first one little red leg and then another, and only regrets that the supply ceases so soon; and finally consents to have the rabbit skinned, but with a demure and watchful look during the process, which shows that the rabbit must be closely watched, for he does not mean to rehabilitate himself when he is skinned, but to take a leap and a turn around the room in all the freedom of Paradise.

And so presently the Inspired Idiot stands all white-robed and clean and sweet and still, ready for the most earnest talk about things in heaven or earth or under the earth. His final fancy is to give a party, to which who shall be invited—Bertie Fletcher?

"Oh, no, mamma; because he wears a kilt and all the boys would think he was a girl and would not play with him!"

"Is that so? I suppose, of course, you will invite Stephen Stetson?"

"No, I can't have Stephie Stetson because he is a naughty boy. He curses and swears."

"I. I., what do you mean by cursing and swearing? What is it to swear?"

"It is"—in a hushed, reverent voice—"why, it is to say God out of your prayers!"

But the worst of it is that the Inspired Idiot is not exempt from the evils of life; but just as painfully as the rest of us he must pay the penalty of nature's violated laws; so he moans out of his sleep with the toothache, and is effectually aroused by mighty pangs quite out of proportion with the tiny tooth that causes them. He has sense enough not to increase the trouble by trying to bear it in silence, and shrieks and wails relieve his burdened nerves.

"I never will forgive God for this," he cries, outraged and indignant, in the midst of his paroxysms. "I never *will* forgive God for this."

It is a living and logical faith, however erratic in its philosophy.

"But I don't think God is to blame for it," suggests an older and perhaps a wiser head.

"Who is, then?" asks I. I., opening to a new idea.

"Little I. I., who staid out in the cold too long and too late."

And then another pang arises, stronger than the last, and he flings himself down to the foot of the bed and shouts, "Now, I am *mad!*"

Poor little Inspired Idiot, grappling with feeble hands the great question of the origin of evil, bearing with questionable fortitude the fangs of evil itself, a little salt and soothing will lull your rebellion to sleep, but neither you nor I can go far in the wrong direction without running against the Almighty, even upon the thick bosses of His bucklers. We may believe in His goodness, but we are certain of His power.

By-and-by, when all has been long still, and care-takers have departed, a voice is heard, "Mamma, come up stairs!" A white figure stands sturdy and smiling at the head of the staircase. "Mamma, I heard it was ten o'clock, so I got up to take my med'cine, and I spit it on my night-gown." Then as he sits warming, drying, and comfortable before the fire, thus he muses:

"Think I'll die, mamma?"

"What makes you think of dying?"

"'Cause I didn't take my med'cine. I spilt it."

"Oh, no! I don't think you will die for that."

A pause.

"Then I won't die, then?"

"Not at all."

"How will I see heaven, then?"

"But you don't want to die, do you?"

"No"—hesitatingly; "but I should like to see heaven."

Another long pause.

"If I should get a very long ladder, couldn't I go up and look into heaven?"

"No."

"If I should get all the ladders in all the world, in all the countries, and tie them one atop of another, couldn't I climb up and just peek in?"

"No."

"Why couldn't I, mamma? Give a reason."

"Because you would be dizzy and fall down!"

Go your ways, Inspired Idiot, manchild—tiny packages of loves and hates and hopes and fears; timorous where helplessness itself is safe, and brave where the boldest quail; peering with calm eyes into unfathomable mysteries; treading with equally serene feet the valley of the shadow of death and the remotest fastnesses of life; filled with great longings for airy nothings, and violent passions over petty grievances, and deep interests in passing trifles; boisterous and ineffably gentle; breezy and noisy and riotous, yet tender and nestling and delicate and soft; ignorant and wise; blind and baffled, yet shrewd and far-seeing; pliant to a word, a touch, a look, a hint, yet as firm and fixed, as clearly outlined and as steadily set, as the veriest patriarch of the nations! I wonder if Eve knew all she said when she looked upon her queer little, new little, first little man, and solemnly concluded her marveling meditations—"I have gotten a man from the Lord!"—*Gail Hamilton.*

A California Rodeo.

The great herd, numbering about 3,000 head, is huddled in the middle of the open plain, and the proprietors and vacqueros are riding around them. What few footmen there are present keep well out of the way, for these Spanish cattle have a great curiosity to inspect a man's heels. There are a few to be branded, and as there is no corral to confine them in, they are compelled to resort to the Mexican plan. The animal is first separated from the herd, and then a vacquero rides him down and lassoes him by the horns. Another rides up and lassoes him by the hind legs, if he is skillful enough, or if not, throws one side of the loop on the animal's back and the other on the ground behind him, and he presently backs into it, when it is quickly drawn tight. Then the two horses set out in opposite directions, the animal's hind feet are pulled from under him, and he comes down, one would think at the imminent hazard of breaking his back-bone. A man rushes up with the branding-iron and claps it on his right hip, where it makes a cruel singeing and fizzing and a sickening stench.

The Mill River Dam.

Mr. William T. Clement, of the Clement & Hawks Manufacturing Company, Northampton, who was the first President of the Reservoir Company, testified before the Mill River Dam investigating committee, that several complaints were made of the contractor's work, but only one, and that immaterial, to him. The witness remembered that Gov. Hayden at some time expressed his feeling that the work was not done thoroughly, and desired that Mr. Gardner should be kept there more than he was; but the witness could not tell what the special cause of complaint was. There never was an agreement that they might depart from the specifications about the main dam, but such permission was given with regard to the stone used in the cross wall for the outlet pipe. From the time the dam was first filled the water oozed, and at the lower part of the dam at two points, one near the waste way, and one, a large stream, on the east side, partly from the natural slope and partly from the embankment. It was known that there were springs under the embankment when it was built. No pains were taken to divert them from injuring the embankment. As the late Gov. Hayden had been quoted in the papers, witness said that within six months of his death he had expressed himself, in the presence of witness and of Thomas Hayden, his son, at the reservoir, as being better satisfied with the dam than he had ever been before.

In answer to questions from the jury, Mr. Clement said he had visited the broken reservoir, and there was nothing to show that any trench had been built, as per contract. "It looks," he said, "as if the main earth had never been taken away for the dam." He also stated that the cement had a very bad appearance, not being properly mixed—that in front of the outer wall being of good cement, while the inside wall was so soft as to be all washed away. Being asked if he should have approved of such a foundation had he seen it, he responded: "Not for a moment." Once too much sand was used in the cement, the witness being sorry to say that more than six parts of sand appeared to one of cement. He was sure that the wing walls, which have been questioned, were built according to the contract.

A Savage Lot of Bees.

One of the terrors for the Nile traveler is bees! At one time the adverse wind made it necessary that Dr. Schweinfurth's boat should be towed by the crew. As the rope was being drawn along through the grass on the banks it happened that it disturbed a swarm of bees. In a moment, like a great cloud, they burst upon the men who were dragging. Every one of them threw himself headlong into the water, and hurried to regain the boat. The swarm followed them, and in a few seconds filled every nook and cranny of the deck. Dr. Schweinfurth was sitting quietly in his rude cabin arranging his botanical specimens, when he heard a scampering round the deck, which he at first took to be the usual frolicking of his people; but as the noise increased, he called out for an explanation of the disturbance. For an answer he received only the terrific cry of "Bees! bees!" Springing up, he endeavored to light his pipe, hoping to protect himself with smoke, but it was too late; the bees were already upon him. Thousands surrounded him, and he was mercilessly stung all over his face and hands. He endeavored to protect his face with his handkerchief, but all to no purpose; the more violently he flung his hands about the more violent became the impetuosity of the irritated insects. At length, almost maddened, he threw himself into the river, but the stings still rained down upon his head. He tried to gain the main-land, hoping to find shelter in the woods, but some of his faithful servants, knowing that course to be certain death, forced him back into the boat. Here he wrapped himself up in a sheet, which, after he had crushed the bees inside, afforded him some protection. He crouched down in this way for full three hours, while the buzzing continued uninterruptedly, and solitary stings penetrated through the linen covering. Every one on board pursued the same course, and gradually the buzzing subsided. At length some courageous fellows crept stealthily to the bank, and set fire to the reeds. The smoke which rose blinded and stupefied the bees so that the boat was successfully driven beyond their reach. Free from further apprehension, the sufferers proceeded to examine their injuries. Some of the stings were extracted with pincers, but those which remained produced ulcers, and even fever, which kept the whole boat's company in an uncomfortable state for several days.

An Earnest Young Printer.

Lieut. J. K. P. Ragsdale, of the United States Navy, died of dropsy, in the thirtieth year of his age. The Belair, Md. *Ægis* says the story of Lieut. Ragsdale's admission into the navy is a romantic one, and adds: "He was born in Mississippi, and when a youth entered a printing-office conducted by his brother at Waco, Texas. After learning to set type, he determined to enter, if possible, the United States Navy. Being without influential friends, he decided to make application in person to Hon. John H. Reagan, then a member of Congress from Texas. Not having the means to pay the expenses of a journey to Washington he set out on foot, working his way from one printing-office to another, until, after a toilsome trip of two months, he reached his destination. The boy's story enlisted the sympathy of Mr. Reagan, and through his influence he obtained the appointment he sought. He graduated with honor. While at the academy he formed the acquaintance and friendship of the late Lieut. Fred. McCormick, of Belair, who was also a cadet at the academy. Visiting the home of young McCormick, he fell in love with a sister of the latter, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, whom he married in 1869. In a short time Mrs. Ragsdale died. Last fall Lieut. Ragsdale, who was then on duty in the Pacific Squadron, obtained a furlough on account of ill health, and came to Belair. He remained here until the Cuban troubles broke out, when he applied for orders, and was assigned for duty on the United States steamer Colorado. His health still being bad, he was again granted a furlough, when he returned once more to his adop

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., June 18, 1874.

TERMS.—$2 per year, in advance, 2,50 when not paid in advance.
Advertisements 20c per line for three insertions, and for 6 and 12 months by special contract.

The Lieutenant Governorship, an honorable position, and one to which an able man should be chosen, well-nigh gets to be looked upon with hatred by every sensible citizen of our state, because so many fools have already proposed an equal number of popinjays for Lieutenant Governor. Ninty-nine out of the hundred radicals and democrats already proposed for the place, would hardly make a fair back woods debating club. Among those who have been running this thing in the ground and who have been making fools of themselves, are some of the newspaper editors who should have shown more sense than to make light of the matter, by seriously proposing Tom, Dick and Harry for Lieutenant Governor.

We trust that none of the unfit names, mentioned for the place, in the democratic ranks, will ever be brought forward in our state convention. None but an able, sound, sterling democrat should be nominated—for the place is a responsible one, and requires talent and ability—not nincompoops and men of straw.

Not a Bit Ready.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says that "the democratic party at this moment is half ready to take Grant as its nominee." Not a bit of it, is the time-honored democratic party "half-ready" to take Grant; not one-eighth-ready, no, nary a bit is it ready to take Grant at all. The democratic party has no such foolish dream even—it was opposed to his first election on account of his notorious unfitness for the place; it was opposed to his second election because his first term proved he was an incompetent, and the democracy, unitedly stand opposed to Grant for a third term because he is a salary grabber, an incompetent, and nepotist and right hand man of financial gamblers, jockeys and sportsmen. If the Courier-Journal thinks that the democrats are "half ready" to take Grant because he has just now stepped upon a sort of democratic hard-money platform, it is egregiously mistaken, and we are at a loss to see where it finds its indications of it.

Grant has disgusted the entire respectable portion of his own party, and has set the radicals to quarreling among themselves. His stubborn nature, connected with his ignorance of state affairs, is the cause of this. He has originated nothing—he has driven the Sumners, Schurzes, Fentons, Curtins, et al., from his party, and proven an unmanageable boor, and as such the democratic party has no use for him, and he will receive no invitation to step into our parlors—yes, he must even keep out of our back yards.

Grant may fight it out with his party—the democrats are under no obligations to him, thank Heaven. We have great and good men in our ranks, statesmen fit to govern any country and grapple with any question, and these will be the chosen leaders and nominees of our party, and not the noted smoker by a long shot.

For the Reporter.

Wm. A. Wallace.

MR. EDITOR.—As soon as it was known that Centre, Clearfield and Clinton counties formed our present senatorial district, we heard but one opinion expressed as to the person who should represent us in the senate, and that was: We will have the Hon. W. A. Wallace, of Clearfield, as our senator under the new Constitution. His superior talents, statesmanship, devotion to the best interests of his native state, are acknowledged by the honest men of all parties, who would regret to miss him in the state senate which he has honored so long by his experience and eloquence. But a neighbor of mine was in Bellefonte last week and conversed with some of the politicians, who told him that Mr. Wallace would not accept the democratic nomination for senator of the new district. Is there any authority for this rumor or is it only an interested trick of political aspirants who are circulating this report to deceive the people? You will confer a favor on your democratic readers by letting them know the *truth in time* and thus enable them to prepare and act advisably in the premises. A DEMOCRAT.

REPLY.—We can inform our correspondent, and all who wish to know the truth, that the Hon. W. A. Wallace is no office seeker—he never did nor does he now ask for office. It was the people of his county and senatorial district, unsolicited by him, tendered him the nomination and elected him to the senate several times, and would now re-elect him again if they had a chance and keep him there as long as Massachusetts did Webster, Kentucky Clay, and Missouri Benton. They know he reflected honor on their senatorial district, credit on the state, and became the idol of the people by his honesty and brilliant administrative powers. The report that he would not accept the nomination of the democratic party of Centre, Clearfield, and Clinton, is a canard to catch gudgeons, and is simply untrue, and we do assure our democratic friends that Mr. Wallace will accept the nomination of senator if freely tendered to him, that he has always acted upon the principle and acknowledged the right of the people to call upon any of their fellow citizens to serve them in a representative capacity—and that it is the duty of every citizen to comply with their request when it can be done without injury to them personally. That Wm. A Wallace will receive the nomination of Clearfield and Clinton is patent, and we are satisfied that the democracy of Centre will make his nomination unanimous and his election triumphant.

THE EARL OF YARBOROUGH AGAIN MISSING.

London, June 8.—The Earl of Yarborough, who is said to be frequently drunk as a lord, is again missing, and the police are now making earnest search to find him. On Tuesday last the Earl was in the House of Lords, and a Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms, thinking him in a worse condition than usual, accompanied him into the ante-room. A short time afterwards the Deputy returned to the room, but the Earl was not there. Since then no one who knows him has seen him.

THE BREACH BETWEEN GRANT AND HIS PARTY.

The correspondent of the World says that the breach between Grant and the radical party has been naturally widened by the financial position assumed by the former. The effect of his manifesto is that a thunderbolt has fallen from a not very cloudless sky. The white house has hurled forth its fiery shaft, and senator Jones has proved a sort of financial lightning conductor. The conference committee sitting on the currency bill, with the single exception of that thoroughly honest and able democrat, Heister Clymer, has been shattered, while republican inflationists are lying prostrate and republican anti-inflationists stand aghast and stupefied that their god should have thundered at all, and especially that he should have chosen Senator Jones for his lightning rod. The President has evidently chosen a new path, in which the Mortons, Logans, Kelleys, etc., are not likely to tread. The Pennsylvania politicians are especially demoralized; they had supposed that in the present congress Pennsylvania would only have to sneeze and all would be awe stricken. But they have been snubbed most dreadfully in the centennial scheme, and in the inflation swindle. Their career was cut short in trying to re-impose the 10 per cent. rebate tariff law of 1872. And even now they hear a reciprocity treaty with Canada is three-fourths finished. Kelley and Cameron prophesy all sorts of dreadful things. Probably the only true prophesy they make is that the party, as they understand it, which means inflation, high tariff and subsides, is irrevocably broken up, and the reign of the Cameron clan and the Kelley sans culottes has vanished from the land.

NEW PARTY MOVEMENTS.

We gave a pretty full account in our issue of yesterday, says the Pittsburg Post of 12th, of the two great Reform Conventions held in Indiana and Illinois on the previous day, in which they adopted platforms and State tickets. So far as the reforms called for in the two platforms are concerned, they have for years been proposed and advocated by the Democratic party.

The Democratic party has never been devoted to the interest of any particular class nor two or three classes, but advocated the interests of all classes of men. It does not and never did believe in arranging classes against each other. It is one thing to oppose the aggression of a particular class, and another thing to attack the legitimate rights and interests of any particular class. To do one and not to do the other has always been the object of the Democratic party, and the general national and local prosperity when it was in power show that it was reasonably successful in its mission.

All the interests of a community, although they may widely vary, are common after all, and to depress one is to injure all others, or to set one up over the others and give it an unfair advantage, is also to injure them. The Democracy have been protesting for years that the monopolies created by the Radicals, exalting one interest and depressing others would finally result in just such a state of case as the Reformers and Independents of Indiana and Illinois complain of in their platforms. Had the advice of the Democratic party and press been taken years ago, and this pernicious system of monopoly voted down, it would have been much better for the country.

But it is not too late to do it even now. The people have only to make up their minds to go back to the old system of home rule, State and municipal rights and the total abolition of the monopolies which have grown up during the last fourteen years. We think that upon reflection our friends in Indiana and Illinois will come to the conclusion that the surest way for them to bring about the reforms that they propose and demand, is to join with the Democracy. The latter party has a compact organization, and is devoted to the achievment of the very reforms that the Independents insist upon. The Democracy does not propose to abandon its organization, that is very clear, and the only hope that the friends of Ring monopoly have is to see their opponents divided up into different organizations.

There is no necessity for the creation of any new parties at this time. The Democratic platform embraces every reform that is called for by the people, and consequently, all that is necessary for them to accomplish their desires in the way of political reformation is to step up to the support of Democratic principles. The work is an easy one to perform.

Did the world ever see an Administration so insensible to honor and decency as this of Grant? General Thomas B. Van Buren is collared and kicked out of Vienna. He asks and he receives an advanced position elsewhere. Minister John Jay, who collared him, grumbles when he is only told (in substance): We are unable to believe you told the truth about Van Buren. Secretary Richardson is made a judge because he cannot decide against the Treasury robbers. So it has been from the beginning. Tom Murphy was driven from the Custom house by the exposures of his mismanagement. Grant takes his resignation and keeps him for an intimate. Col fax is proved a liar and a perjurer. Grant writes him a letter of undiminished esteem. And so on and so on. —*World.*

The World speaking of the recent financial manifesto of Grant says:

The practical truth is, that while the publication of such a paper by such a President may be accepted as pretty clear evidence that the drift of the popular will is taking this direction, nothing can be more certain than the utter uselessness of expecting a permanent application, of sound financial principles to our public affairs from any other source than the elevation to power once more of sound Democratic statesmen holding by intelligent conviction the truths which come to men like President Grant only in meteoric showers.

A Jury in Bucyrus, Ohio, has found Mrs. Trimble guilty of disturbing the peace of the saloon keeper Shaw, by singing near his place, "Jesus lover of my soul," and she was fined fifteen dollars; costs, about seventy more.

For the Reporter.

MILLHEIM, PA., June 16, 1874.

MR. EDITOR—*Dear Sir:*—Having seen my name announced as a candidate for Assembly would say, I am certainly under many obligations to my friends for their preference, but should I be nominated and elected it would be impossible for me to serve them at present, and am therefore not a candidate for the office, but promise my support to the nominees and hope they may be good and strong men, such as all can cheerfully support.

Yours &c.,

JAMES N. VAN ORMER.

THE CONGRESSIONAL NOMINATION.

The Elk (Ridgway) Democrat of last week emphatically expresses itself in favor of L. A. Mackey, Esq., for Congress in the 20th district. The article is as follows.

The time is near at hand when the Twentieth Congressional district, composed of Union, Clinton, Clearfield, Elk, Mifflin and Centre counties, will be called upon to nominate a democratic candidate for Congress. Hence, it is important that the attention of the citizens of Elk county should be drawn to the subject, and the merits of the gentlemen who may be named for the nomination be discussed by the party. The nominee should be one whose election will be creditable to the party and beneficial to the district, one whose moral character, mental acquirements, business experience and democratic principles are assured by general consent, and whose personal popularity will infuse spirit into the campaign and yield the greatest emount of success to the party. With such a leader the moral of the party will be greatly improved, and the best interests of the people be served by the selection.

With due deference to the character and qualifications of other gentlemen of the district who may aspire to the honorable distinction, and in the least in the spirit of disparagement, it is our opinion that the gentleman who most completely fills the bill of our wishes and requirements is L. A. Mackey, Esq., of Clinton county. He is a gentleman of fine abilities, of excellent address, of enlarged experience and great personal popularity. Education as a lawyer, he combines with a long business experience of the most successful character as president of the Lock Haven national bank, in which he is widely known for his liberal and accommodating spirit, proving that the sucessful management of a bank is entirely consistent with the greatest amount of accommodation to the public. On the subject of the national finances, his position is open and pronounced. Although forced into the national banking system by the taxation of the General Government, he has never publicaly approved of the system, and believes that as the Government has assumed the prerogative of furnishing the circulation of the country, the people should have wharever profit is to be made by the issuing of currency. He believes that the principle of equality in the rights of our citizens should be applicable to banking, as well as other business.

Mr. Mackey is a fine speaker, he is an earnest supporter of democratic principles, and his record shows that he has been uniformly so, regardless of side issues and irregularities of the past few years that have been foisted upon the party. With a thorough knowledge of the characteristics of the people and the business interests of the district—with a comprehensive mind, liberal spirit and principles in full accord with the democratic party, which he led with marked popularity in the congressional campaign of 1868 in the largely radical district composed of Centre, Clinton, Lycoming, Potter and Tioga counties, in which he carried his own county by an unprecedentedly large majority—L. A. Mackey, Esq., of Clinton county, combines all the elements of a useful and highly creditable representative of the democrats of the Twentieth congressional district, and we most heartily recommend his nomination.

BRIBERY AT ELECTION.

Our Constitution jealously provides against evil practices in elections, and it is important that the minds of the public should be refreshed with the salutary provisions, that the spirit as well as the letter of the law may sink deep into their recollection. It says:

Any person who shall give, or promise or offer to give, to an elector, any money, reward or other valuable consideration for his vote at an election, or for withholding the same, or who shall give or promise to give such consideration to any other person or party for such elector's vote or for the withholding thereof, and any elector who shall receive or agree to receive, for himself or for another, any money, reward or other valuable consideration for his vote at an election, or for withholding the same, shall thereby forfeit the right to vote at such election, and any elector whose right to vote shall be challenged for such cause before the election officers, shall be required to swear or affirm that the matter of challenge is untrue before his vote shall be received.

SEC. 9. Any person who shall, while a candidate for office, be guilty of bribery, fraud, or willful violation of any election law, shall be forever disqualified from holding an office of trust or profit in this commonwealth; and any person convicted of willful violation of the election laws shall, in addition to any penalties provided by the law, be deprived of the right of sufferage absolutely for a term of four years.

THE DISAGREEMENT BETWEEN GRANT AND SHERMAN.

The gossip in Washington is that the first ugliness originated in Sherman refusing Fred. Grant on his staff. This was resented by the President refusing to make Sherman secretary of war during the absence of Belknap in Texas. Since then Sherman has been ignored by the President. The last feather that broke the patient camel's back were orders sent to Arkansas by the President, directed instead of, as usual, through the general, to the Captain in command. The fact came to Sherman's knowledge while on the Howard court of inquiry, and Sherman broke out publicly and said he supposed the next move would be the President communicating directly with the privates. The next thing heard was the request to move his head quarters to St. Louis.

There was something pathetic in the position of the German florist, who, in the bitterness of his heart, exclaimed: "I have so much drouble mit de ladies ven dey come to buy mine rose; dey vants him hardy; dey vants him doubles; dey vants him nice golour; dey vants him aberyding in one rose. I hopes I am not vat you call an uncallant man, but I have somedimes to say to dat ladies, 'Madame, I never often see ladies dat was beautiful, dat vas rich, dat vas good temper, dat vas youngs, dat vas clever, dat vas perfection, in one ladies. I see her much not.'"

It is now conceded that the House will not pass the Civil Rights Bill, for the reason that the President would veto it. But what is the colored Republicans going to do about the matter?

A few grains of buckwheat placed in every bill of potatoes it is said, will protect the crops from the potato bugs.

The Supervisors of Hickory township, Mercer county, were indicted for keeping impassable roads at the recent term of court.

A GLUT OF FRUIT AND VEGETABLES—STRAWBERRIES THREE CENTS A QUART.

The Baltimore Sun of 9th says: Saturday witnessed an extraordinary arrival at this port of vegetables and strawberries. As a consequence prices were ruinously low. The Norfolk steamers, which arrived shortly after seven o'clock Saturday morning, had on board an immense freight of vegetables and forty thousand quarts of strawberries. The vegetables were disposed of to hucksters as follows: Cucumbers 50 cents to $1 per box, string beans $2 50 per box, peas 50 cents to $1 per barrel, new potatoes $7 50 per barrel. The strawberries were a drug at five cents per quart, and as the morning advanced the fruit succumbed to the heat of the day and began running. At noon vast quantities of fruit began decomposing, and was given away. During the afternoon the steamer Collyer, having on board one thousand two hundred quarts of berries, and the Palisade, with one thousand quarts, both boats having received their freight on Severn river, arrived at Light st. wharf. Large crowds of hucksters were in waiting for the boats, but the best price that could be obtained for the berries was five and six cents per quart for a prime article. The Kent, from Annapolis and West river, arrived at 5 p. m. on Saturday, having on board twelve hundred quarts of berries, which were a drug at five cents per quart. At the markets on Saturday night the finest strawberries could be purchased at eight cents per quart, and an ordinary article for three cents a quart.

EXACTLY RIGHT.—The Republican County Committee of Crawford county, where the system of personal solicitation has been reduced to almost perfection, and its evils fully understood, adopted the following:

"*Resolved*, That we disapprove of the present establishment custom of conducting a canvass by personal solicitation for voters from candidates and their employees; that we regard the system as an opposition to the spirit of the new Constitution, which prohibits any unnecessary expenditures of money to procure office, and as beneath the dignity of those who are selected as our standard-bearers. We therefore earnestly recommend that the various candidates who shall announce their names for any office in the coming canvass, will remain at home and attend to their legitimate business, leaving the result to the fair, unbiased expression of the people at the primary meetings.

Royalty has recently been falling into disgrace. It was only a few weeks ago that the cable gave us an account of an imperial diamond rubber at St. Petersburg who had stolen five million francs' worth of jewels from his mother and bestowed them upon a beautiful young American lady with the suggestive name of Miss Feenix. And now comes the news of the disappearance of the Earl of Yarborough from the English House of Lords, into an ante-room of which he had been carried, while intoxicated, by a kindly-disposed attendant. It would seem that human nature is the same all the world over, and that there is no difference between an American young man of the period and a Russian prince, nor between a British and an American legislator.

Bill Whaley, who recently died in Fayette county, Pa., Poorhouse, formerly drove a stage-coach between Uniontown and Morgantown, in that State. He wouldn't own a horse that had more than enough skin to cover his bones, and through which the marbal law could not be read. His animals were queer geometrical puzzles—combinations of angles, right, obtuse, and acute. One day he came driving into Uniontown at full speed, and just as he drew up in front of the hotel one of his horses dropped dead. "That was a very sudden death," remarked a bystander. "Sudden?" replied Capt. Bill. "That horse died in Smithland, nine miles from here; but I never let him down until I got in town."

A recent case in Titusville, of this State, affecting trades unions, has not received the attention its importance seems to demand. The compositors of a newspaper struck and refused to work. On this account one or more issues of the paper were not published, and the proprietors sued the printers' union for damages. The court decided every point of law against the union. This is a novel phase of the strike question, and it remains to be seen if the precedent will be taken advantage of by capitalists. Of course, unless the unions are incorporated they can neither sue nor be sued, but it is hardly to be doubted that the ringleaders of a strike can be held personally responsible before the law.

SUBORDINATION OF WOMEN.

That woman has not competed with men in the active work of life was probably because, not having the power, she had not the desire to do so, and because, having the capacity of functions which man has not, she has found her pleasure in performing them. It is not simply that man, being stronger in body than she is, has held her in subjection, and debarred her from careers of action which he was resolved to keep for himself; her maternal functions must always have rendered, and must continue to render, most of her activity domestic. There have been times enough in the history of the world, when the freedom which she has had, and the position which she has held in the estimation of men, would have enabled her to assert her claims to other functions, had she so willed it. The most earnest advocate of her rights to be something else than what she has hitherto been, would hardly argue that she has always been in the position of a slave kept in forcible subjection by the superior physical force of men. Assuredly, if she has been a slave, she has been a slave content with her bondage. But it may, perhaps, be said that in that lies the very pith of the matser—that she is not free, and does not know or feel it. It may be alleged that she has lived for so many ages in the position of dependence, to which she was originally reduced by the superior muscular strength of man, has been so thoroughly imbued with inherited habits of submission, and overawed by the influence of customs never questioned, that she has not the desire for emancipation; that thus a moral bondage has been established, more effectual than an actual physical bondage.

It would be rash to assert that there is not some measure of truth in these arguments. Let any one who thinks otherwise reflect upon the degraded condition of women in Turkey, where habit is so ingrained in their nature, and custom so powerful over the mind, that they have neither thought nor desire to attain to a higher state, and "naught feel their foul disgrace;" a striking illustration how women may be demoralized and yet not know nor feel it, and an instructive lesson for those who are anxious to form a sound judgment upon the merits of the movement for promoting their education and the removal of legal disabilities under which they labor. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the effects of the laws and usages of a country upon the habits of thought of those who, generation after generation, have been born and bred, and have lived under them. * * *

But may we not fairly assert that it would be no less a mistake in an opposite direction to allow no weight to such an argument? Setting physiological considerations aside, it is not possible to suppose that the whole explanation of woman's position and character is that man, having in the beginning found her pleasing in his eyes and necessary to his enjoyment, took forcible possession of her, and has ever since kept her in bondage, without any other justification than the right of the strongest. Superiority of muscular strength, without superiority of any other kind, would not have done that any more than superiority of muscular strength has availed to give the lion or the elephant possession of the earth. If it were not that woman's organization and functions found their fitting home in a position different from, if not subordinate to, that of men, she would not so long have kept that position. If she is to be judged by the same standard as men, and to make their aims her aims, we are certainly bound to say that she labors under an inferiority of constitution by a dispensation which there is no gainsaying. This is a matter of physiology, not a matter of sentiment.—*Henry Maudsley, in Fortnightly Review.*

ANIMALS IN THE ROMAN ARENA.

The capitals and the large cities of Europe count among the number of their most interesting establishments their zoological gardens, menageries, where they unite, not without great trouble and expense, a few dozen quadrupeds, a small collection of birds, of reptiles, and of fishes. The museums of Paris, London, Berlin, etc., are very well satisfied if they contain three or four lions, as many tigers, a dozen or so of leopards, jaguars, and panthers, one or two hippopotami, as many elephants, a rhinoceros, a giraffe, and so on.

But the richest collection of animals in Europe would appear pitifully shabby if we could, with a flourish of the magician's wand, conjure again into existence one of those gigantic collections of animals which so often served to entertain the Roman people during the last years of the republic, and under the emperors. These exhibitions were certainly anything but instructive, and one would be far from counseling any modern government to attempt an imitation of them. Such an attempt, however, would be only an attempt, for the forests and deserts have been to such an extent depopulated of their savage inhabitants that it would be impossible to collect a sufficient number of large animals to reproduce, even to a small scale, one of those prodigious spectacles which were the delight of the ancient Roman.

The first exhibitions of this character given at Rome were the hunts (*venationes*)—more properly, massacres in a sort of tilt-yard.

The law-makers of Rome were of opinion that it was desirable to develop among the people a martial spirit, and that this end could be attained in no other way so well as accustoming them to the sight of blood; and this was the reason why they, in imitation of the Etruscans, began to celebrate the obsequies of illustrious persons by forcing their prisoners or their slaves to kill one another around the funeral-pile. This was the origin of the gladiatorial contests, which were inaugurated at the death of Junius Brutus, first consul of the republic, in the year 264 B. C.

Later, the magistrates, and the candidates for the magistracy of the republic, ambitious to achieve popularity, vied with one another in their endeavors to vary these bloody spectacles, and to increase their magnificence. To this end they built those gigantic circuses and amphitheatres, whose ruins still attest their ostentatious prodigality. And then they exacted a tribute, such as it was, from the four quarters of the earth, in order to fittingly amuse the masters of the world. This led to the custom of turning wild animals into the arena to make them contend against one another or against men.

The first *venatio* of which the historians make mention took place in the year 251 B. C. Metellus had taken from the Carthaginians, in Sicily, one hundred and twenty elephants. The Senate, to show how little these animals were to be feared had them first belabored with cudgels and then killed in the circus. This spectacle gave the populace a taste for this kind of diversion. Fortunately (?) the conquests of the republic soon enabled the generals and proconsuls to lay Europe, Asia, and Africa, under contribution; and, toward the end of the sixth century, after the foundation of Rome, troops of animals arrived in Italy from every direction—lions, tigers, leopards, panthers, lynxes, elephants, giraffes, gazelles, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, crocodiles, bears, bisons, etc., etc. Then, from time to time, on extraordinary occasions, the people were treated to a grand conflict between some hundreds of animals turned into the arena together.

At other times, the animals were pitted against men called beast-fighters—i. e., men who followed beast-fighting for a living. They were distinct from the gladiators, and had a lower place in the social scale. But, in time, these men abandoned a calling which was so dangerous, and it became necessary to supply their places with criminals or prisoners of war. Under the emperors, substitutes were also taken from among the Christians. This was a veritable windfall for the populace, who, we are told, delighted in nothing so much as seeing the defenseless adherents of the new religion, men and women, torn limb from limb by wild beasts. Hardly less were the people edified to see the nobles, the senators, and even the emperor himself, "the divine" Commodus, descend into the arena, and engage in mortal combat with the fiercest animals. Commodus, if we can believe the historians of those times, was unsurpassed in such exercises. Having the figure and vigor of an athlete, he gave to himself the surname of Hercules and was desirous to justify the appellation by imitating the feats of demi-god—that is, by exterminating a certain number of beasts of prey, which surely were not so dangerous as was he.

Probus, another of the emperors, conceived the idea of giving the people the privilege of taking an active part in the sports of the amphitheatre. He caused the arena to be transformed into a forest, into which he loosed, the first time, one thousand deer, as many wild-hogs, and as many ostriches. Then the gates were opened, and as many amatures entered as chose, who killed and carried off what and as much as they pleased. Another day, instead of comparatively inoffensive game, Probus presented the people with one hundred lions, one hundred leopards, one hundred panthers, and three hundred bears. But this time the festivities had a tragic termination. A goodly number of the hunters were attacked and torn to pieces, while several of the animals escaped from the *stadium*, and caused a fearful panic among the spectators, which cost the lives of several. Finally all the animals were killed; "but the *fete* was," says an historian, "grand rather than agreeable."

The consumption of animals at Rome, in providing for the amusement of the good people, from the end of the republic to the fall of the empire, surpassed the conception of the liveliest imagination. Let us try, nevertheless, to get an approximative idea.

In the 557th year of Rome—186 years B. C.—Marcus Fulvius for the first time introduced lions and panthers into the arena—the number is not stated. Eighteen years later, the ædiles supplied for a popular *fete* sixty three leopards and panthers, forty bears, and several elephants. Sylla exhibited one hundred lions. In the year 695 of Rome, Domitus Ænobarbus gave an exhibition, which consisted of the killing of 100 bears by negroes. Three years later Scaurus presented the people with four hundred and fifty leopards. The first hippopotamus that appeared in the arena with one hundred crocodiles, was a present by this same Scaurus. At Pompey's expense, six hundred and ten panthers, and about a score of elephants, were slain. Cæsar, the vanquisher of Pompey, in his turn, celebrated his triumph by "games" in which four hundred lions, forty elephants, and one giraffe—an animal till then unknown to the Romans—were killed. Octavius Augustus illustrated his reign by a succession of buteheries, in which about thirty-five hundred animals were killed, among them being six hundred of the feline species, one rhinoceros, one hippopotamus, thirty-six crocodiles, and one serpent forty cubits—say sixty feet—long, probably a python. Germanicus, during his consulate, in the years 765 of Rome, contributed two hundred lions; Caligula, on his return from Gaul, three hundred bears and as many panthers; Nero, three hundred lions and four hundred bears. Titus inaugurated the amphitheatre which bears his name by a series of *fetes*, during which some five hundred beasts of prey and about four hundred granivorous animals were killed. Trajan on one occasion gave a series of *fetes*, which lasted no less than one hundred and twenty-three days, and in which eleven thousand animals of different species were sacrificed. Later, one of the aediles, during his term of office, sacrificed, in round numbers, one thousand bears, one hundred ostriches, one hundred wild-bulls, one hundred and fifty wild boars, and a great number of deer and other inoffensive animals.

After Probus these exhibitions became less and less frequent, in a measure, doubtless, on account of the increased difficulty experienced in obtaining the animals. Nevertheless, in the beginning of the sixth century of our era, Justinian, Emperor of the East, desirous to give a *fete* in imitation of the ancient *venationes*, succeeded in collecting at Constantinople one hundred and twenty lions, some thirty or forty tigers and panthers, and a considerable number of animals less ferocious.—*Appletons' Journal.*

Among the best bills passed by the Legislature at its last session was that known as the "limited liability act," which, we are informed, has just been approved by the Governor. It authorizes any three or more persons to form "a partnership association for the purpose of conducting any lawful business or occupation within this Commonwealth," and provides that they shall not be liable for its debts beyond the amounts which they have individually subscribed. The word "limited" is required to be affixed to the titles of all partnership associations formed under this act, and must appear not only on the sign outside their places of business, but in all advertisements and other official publications of the same as well as in all bills of exahange, promissory notes, checks, receipts, &c., relating to them. Failure to have this word expressed whenever the name of a partnership association is used, renders every person participant in the omission liable for whatever indebtedness or damage may result.

Limited liability companies, which hitherto could only be organized in Pennsylvania when specially chartered and incorporated by the Legislature, may be formed under this excellent law without asking permission of anybody. It is simply necessary that the persons contemplating the formation of such an association should sign and acknowledge before some magistrate a statement, setting forth their names in full, the total amount of capital, the amount subscribed by each, the character and location of the business, the name of the association, its contemplated duration, and the names of the officers, who are to be chosen in a certain specified manner. This statement, and any amendments subsequently made to it, are to be filed of record in the office of the Recorder of Deeds.

The Governor has signed the Union county hunter's bill and it is therefore now a law and will allow the hunting of deer with dogs hereafter as is done in Centre and Clinton counties.

Law on Trespass is as follows:

Any person or persons who shall willfully enter or break down, through or over any orchard, garden or yard-fence, hot-bed or green-house; or shall wrongfully club, stone, cut, break, bark or otherwise mutilate or damage any nut, fruit or ornamental tree, shrub, bush, plant or vine, trellis, arbor, hotbed, hot or green-house; or who shall willfully trespass upon, walk over, beat down, trample or in anywise injure any grain, grass, vines, vegetables or other growing crop; shall and may, on conviction thereof before any alderman or justice of the peace, or in any court of law in said counties, have judgment against him, her, or them, in a sum not less than five, nor more than one hundred dollars, with costs of suit; one-half the damage or penalty to go to the use of the informer, the other half of the damage or penalty to the occupant or owner of the premises on which said trespass shall or may be committed; and in default of payment of said fine or judgment with costs of suit, the party convicted may and shall be committed to the jail of said county, for not less than twenty, nor more than sixty days; said complaint or action to be in the name of the commonwealth, and the testimony of the owner or occupant of the premises shall be admitted as evidence to prove the trespass and damage sustained: *Provided*, That when the owner of the premises shall become the informant then one-half of the penalty shall be appropriated to the school fund of the district in which the trespass was committed.

Again, the 21st section of the fish law:

Any person trespassing on any lands for the purpose of taking fish from any private pond, stream or spring, after public notice on the part of the owner or occupant thereof, such notice being posted adjacent to such pond, stream or spring, shall be deemed guilty of trespass, and, in addition to damages recoverable by law, shall be liable to the owner, lessee or occupant in a penalty of one hundred dollars for every such offence.

In explanation of this the legislature, passed an act, approved May 15, last, that the above shall be contrued to apply only to such ponds, streams or springs as shall be used or improved by the owners or lessees for the prepogation of fish or game fish.

SPECIAL DETECTIVE.—The following is one of the acts passed by the Legislature:

SECTION 1. Be it enacted, etc., That it shall be lawful for the district attorney of any county in this commonwealth, with the approval of the court of quarter sessions of the proper county, whenever said court and district attorney may deem it necessary to appoint an officer as a special detective, whose duty it shall be to assist in obtaining such evidence as shall be directed by the district attorney for the commonwealth in all criminal cases, as the court may direct.

SEC. 2. Such detective officer shall have all the power of a duly qualified constable, and shall hold his appointment during the pleasure of the court, appointing him, not longer, however, than the term of the district attorney, on whose recommendation he was appointed.

SEC. 3. The said detective officer shall receive for his services such compensation as shall be approved by the court appointing him. This court shall order warrants for such compensation to be drawn by the clerk of the court on the county treasurer, who shall pay the same.

In the act making Decoration day a legal holiday, a proviso states that it shall in no wise interfere with the usual proceedings in reference to maturing paper at bank. The Philadelphia Ledger says this takes from the enactment the character of a legal holiday. Making this day a legal holiday, was at best but a piece of legal folly. The Legislature has no right to make holidays of any kind. In a free country every man has a right to keep holiday whenever he pleases, and the attempt to compel people to keep holidays is an arbitrary exercise of power unwarranted by the constitution or by common sense.

FURNITURE.

JOHN BRECHBILL,

in his elegant New Rooms, Spring street, Bellefonte.

Has on hand a splendid assortment of HOUSE FURNITURE from the commonest to the most elegant.

CHAMBER SETS, PARLOR SETS, SOFAS, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, WOOL MATTRESSES, HAIR MATTRESSES,

and anything wanted in the line of his business—homemade and city work. Also, has made a speciality and keeps on hand, the largest and finest stock of

WALL PAPER.

Goods sold at reasonable rates, wholesale and retail. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. feb6-1y

Miller & Son,

CENTRE HALL, PA.
DEALERS IN
PURE DRUGS
AND MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c., &c., &c.

PURE WINE AND LIQUORS,
for medicinal purposes.
Trusses & Supporters in great variety.
Also, choice
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
and all other articles usually kept in a first class Drug Store.
Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
23oct tf MILLER & SON.

CENTRE HALL

FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS

The undersigned having taken possession of the above establishment, respectfully inform the public that the same will be carried on by them in all its branches as heretofore.

They manufacture the CELEBRATED TRUE BLUE CORNPLANTER, the best now made.

HORSE POWERS, THESHING MACHINES & SHAKERS, PLOWS, STOVES, OVEN DOORS, KETTLE PLATES, CELLAR GRATES, PLOW SHEARS & MILL GEARING of every description, in short their Foundry is complete in every particular.

We would call particular attention to our EXCELSIOR PLOW, acknowledged to be the best Plow now in use, shifting in the beam for two or three horses.

We also manufacture a new and improved TRIPLE GEARED HORSE POWER, which has been used extensively in the northern and western States, and has taken precedence over all others.

We are prepared to do all KINDS OF CASTING from the largest to the smallest, and have facilities for doing all kinds of IRON WORK such as PLANING, TURNING, BORING, &c.

All kinds of repairing done on short notice

jan21-1y. VAN PELT & SHOOP, Centre Hall.

J. ZELLER & SON
DRUGGISTS

No 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa

Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may 31. 72.

NEW FURNITURE STORE.

IN THE CONRAD HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA.
GEORGE O'BRYAN,
Dealer in
FURNITURE
OF ALL KINDS,
BEDSTEADS, TABLES, CHAIRS, Parlor and Chamber Sets,
SOFAS, LOUNGES,
BUREAUS, WASHSTANDS, WARDROBES, MATTRESSES, &c.
Particular Attention to Ordered Work.
REPAIRING DONE PROMPTLY.
UNDERTAKING,
In All Its Branches,
METALIC, WALNUT, ROSEWOOD, AND COMMON CASKETS,
Always on Hand, and Funerals Attended With an Elegant Hearse. apl6f.

CENTRE HALL

COACH SHOP,

LEVI MURRAY.

at his establishment at Centre Hall, keeps on hand, and for sale, at the most reasonable rates.

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,
PLAIN AND FANCY,

and vehicles of every description made to order, and warranted to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen. Persons wanting anything in his line are requested to call and examine his work, they will find it not to be excelled for durability and wear. may 3tf.

LEVI MURRAY,
NOTARY PUBLIC, SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
Will attend to administering Oaths, Acknowledgement of Deeds, &c, writing Articles of Agreement, Deeds, &c, may15

P. B. WILSON. T. A. HICKS.

WISON & HICKS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Hardware and Stove Dealers

Builders Hardware

CARRIAGE MAKERS GOODS,
SADDLER'S TRIMMINGS,
ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

STOVES.

SPEAR'S ANTI-CLINKER STOVES & DOUBLE HEATERS

which will heat one or two rooms down stairs, and same number above. Cost very little more than single stoves. These are the best parlor stoves made.

SUSQUEHANNA COOK

STOVE.

This stove has large ovens, will burn hard or soft coal and wood. Every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

WILSON & HICKS,
mar15 tf Bellefonte, Pa.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

A. W GRAFF,

CENTRE HILL, CENTRE CO., PA.,

Has just received a large invoice of

Summer Goods.

Consisting of the best assortment of
READY-MADE CLOTHING!
DRESS GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
AND FANCY ARTICLES,
ever brought to Potter twp.

LOWEST CASH PRICES!

Produce taken in exchange at highest market prices.

A. W. GRAFF.

my8-1y.

C. PECK'S
New
Coach Manufactory.

CENTRE HALL, PA.

The undersigned has opened a new establishment, at his new shops, for the manufacture of

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,

SLEIGHS AND SLEDS,
PLAIN AND FANCY

of every description.

All vehicles manufactured by him are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.

He uses none but the best material, and employs the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.

Orders from a distance promptly attended to.

Come and examine my work before contracting elsewhere.

PRICES REASONABLE,

All kinds of Reparing done.

NEW GOODS AND NEW PRICES!

HIGH RATES RUBBED OUT.

Goods at Old Fashioned Prices.
At the Old Stand of
WM. WOLF.

Would respectfully inform the World and the rest of mankind, that he has just opened out and is constantly receiving a large stock of
GOODS OF ALL KINDS
which he is offering at the very lowest market price.

DRY GOODS and

Prints, Muslins, Opera Cantons. and Woll Flannels. Ladies' Dress Goods, such as Delains, Alpacas, Poplins, Empress Cloth, Sateens, Tamelse, together with a full stock of

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY JUNE 18, 1874.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by neatly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

NOTICE.—Candidates and friends of candidates will take notice, that all communications sent to the Reporter, recommending persons for office, must be paid for.

——Who caught the largest number of potato bugs? D. H. how goes the battle against the varmint, are you still engaged in the good work of persecutingthe critters? Remember, 5 cents per 100.

——Locals are scarce this week—but it is no fault of ours. We did our level best to get up a string—we rumaged the whole county over, sifted it, stirred it up, and turned it over, and are sorry to say found nothing in the nature of accidents, murders, robberies, fires, suicides—the only thing plentiful we found was the potato bug, and we have no inclination to write them up. In short, we found our county, this week, as the physician might say, alarmingly healthy, and if anything serious turns up, look out for an extra.

——On last Wednesday evening, a number of ladies with baskets well filled, paid a visit to the new home of Rev. H. C Galbraith, and after enjoying a social chat, retired leaving many substancial tokens of regard.

——At the election, held in Philadelphia, on 9th inst., the following directers were elected for the L. C. & S. C. RR.:

PRESIDENT—Geo. F. Miller.
DIRECTORS—Eli Slifer, Geo. B. Roberts, Wm. J. Howard, S. Knease, Jas. P. Coburn, R. H. Duncan, J. K. Lowrie.

——We have received the first No. of a new democratic weekly paper, published at Williamsport, called the Democratic Banner, by E. B. Haines. Success to it.

——Wm. Wolf, at the old stand, has received a lot of new goods, among them the very latest styles for ladies.

——Rev. Edmonds, formerly of Aaronsburg, has got into the Snyder county court, as the following from the Selinsgrove Times showeth: L. C. Edmonds vs. Jno. Bilger—Slander—Verdict for plff.

This L. C. Edmonds is a clergyman; and ever since he has been a chaplain in the army he has been getting his head into hot water by reports and accusations; and it appears that John Bilger made use of one of these reports, for which Edmonds prosecuted him. And either for want of evidence or some other cause, the case went against Bilger.

——Centre Hall was crowded beginning of this week. Charley Smith, the notion dealer was here. He weighs a little under 600, and yet knows how to be a first-rate fellow.

——Persons who would like to know how fresh mackerel taste, of this season's catch, can be gratified at Wm. Wolf's store, where a lot of these excellent fish have just been received—fresh from their native waters—and a rare thing this side of Philadelphia.

——Jas. Sweetwood, of Sinking Creek, brought several stocks of rye to our office which are hard to beat—the longest one measured 8 feet.

——Plaster finely ground, ready for use just received and for sale by Shortlidge & Co.

——The Easton Daily Express, 4th inst, has the following ite.n:

The highest honors in the class graduating this year at Lafayette College are taken by newspaper men, Mr. S. L. Stiver, of The Express, and Mr. J. R. Williams, of the Free Press. We congratulate our young brethern upon their success, and wish them the same good fortune in their future career.

Mr. Stiver hails from Potter's Mills, and we congratulate our young friend upon his well deserved honors. He is destined to prominence.

A CARD.—Mr. Editor:—Allow me, through your columns, to return my thanks to the many kind friends of Centre Hall and vicinity, for their kindness to me since I have come in their midst. In all my large circle of acquaintances it has seldom been my lot to meet more kind hearted friends than here. Yours truly,

H. C. GALBRAITH.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—Last Friday evening Mr. Joseph Dunn, an old man living near Corsica, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. He had been engaged in his corn-field during the day, and a storm coming up, took shelter under a tree, where he was found several hours afterwards dead, still retaining the handle of the hoe in his hands. On his hair, side, and in the torn boot on one foot, the evidence of unmistakable effects of lightning were left.—*Brookville Rep.*

ORGANS.—The SMITH, RYNDER and JUBILEE ORGANS, are among the best recommended organs now offered. Any of these excellent instruments can be seen by calling on the Agent, Wm. Ettinger, Aaronsburg.

Send 30 cents for the latest number of PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY, and you will get at least $4 worth of our latest and best Vocal and Instrumental Piano Music, or by sending 50 cents for our new Magazine, La Creme De La Creme, you will get a choice collection of Piano Music for advanced players. Address, J. L. PETERS, 599 Broadway, my18 N. Y.

The Pennsylvania State Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry met in special session at Mechanicsburg on 10th inst., with a large attendance, fully four hundred patrons being present. The principal object of the meeting was to ratify or reject the amendments to the national constitution adopted by the National Grange at St. Louis. Mechanicsburg presented a gala-day appearance. There were as many mowers and reapers on exhibition near the place of meeting as are found at first-class State fairs. More than three-fourth of the counties were represented, and some were there from other states.

Dr. Livingstone is said to have expressed the utmost contempt for lions. "You talk about the majesty of the lion." said he, chattering one day at a party in London with Sir Edwin Landseer, "but you do not know the beast. There is no more majesty about him in the forest than there is about that poodle. It is all, poetry Lions are arrant cowards—cowardly, sneaking beasts. You can hardly tell a lion from a donkey when you come upon him in the forest; and if you come upon a lion suddenly, his first impulse is to tuck his tail between his legs and bolt. He will spring upon you if he comes upon you unawares and can have time to crouch, but if a man has the courage to look a lion in the face, you need not even cock your rifle."

Washington, June 13.—The house has defeated the conference report on the finance bill by a majority of about forty. Many republicans voted against it, to prevent the President from vetoing the bill.

It is suggested in an English paper that smoking be allowed during divine service "as a means of increasing the attendance at church."

Vermont this year turns out 15,000,000 pounds of maple sugar, worth ten cents a pound.

Gov. Dix of New York has vetoed the bill making Decoration Day a public holiday on the ground that it is frivolous legislation.

For the Reporter.

PENN HALL SQUIBS.

On Sunday of last week, two boys, sons respectively of David and William Smith, aged about nine years each, killed a black snake which measured 5 feet and 10 inches. Considering the age of those little fellows, and the dangerous enemy they dealt with, entitles them to more than ordinary credit. Snakes had better crawl when the Smith boys get around.

Charles Ripka, of near this place, wants to know who can beat him on the wool question. He recently sheared a last year's lamb, the wool of which measures 17 inches. The wool is pronounced as being of a superior quality. Mr. R. also claims to be the biggest *bugger* in the township, having caught 586 bugs on 25 potato stalks, and they wern't very good stalks for bugs either. Friend R. thinks, with a little practice, he can slay more bugs than Sampson did Philistines.

Fourth of July is coming on, and we can scarcely restrain our patriotism. What will the people of Penn's Valley do, toward getting a rousing celebration? Let us not forget the day, which breathed into existence the most powerful Republic on the globe.

We called at the Granger store the other day; and found things rather tepsy-turvy. This, however, is accounted for, from the fact that carpenters are busily engaged in putting an addition to the main building, when completed, will make a neat and spacious store-room. Mr. Grenoble is doing a land-office business.

The residence of Dr. Loltzell, of this place, came near being destroyed by fire on last Friday. The origin of the fire is not known, though it is supposed to have originated through a spark from the chimney. But for a timely discovery, the building must have burned to the ground as there was a high wind prevailing at thetime. On the same day the house of Adam Grenoble caught fire, but was extinguished before any serious damage was done.

E. S.

For the Reporter.

SPAWLS FROM PENN.

Messrs. Glenn & Houser have finally concluded not to rebuild their factory any more, which is to be regretted, as an establishment of that kind would pay well here.

The principal amusement of some of the Millheimers at present is the old and famous game of quoits, in which some manifest a deep interest.

Our enterprising potter, W. S. Maize, is an expert at the business. The other day he prepared clay for twenty-four crock s in order to see how long it would take him to make them, it was found on trial that he made 24 gallon crocks in about 55 minutes.

The corn and potatoes are doing exceedingly fine in little Penn, notwithstanding the long dry season we have had, and the innumerable hosts of hungry potato bugs which are canvassing every part of the township successfully. The most complaint is heard about the present appearance of a scant hay crop, which indeed will be very short unless a good rain will soon be sent along.

10 S. C.

For the Reporter.

AARONSBURG ITEMS:—Thomas Yearick, has just finished his new store room, and expects soon to have a large supply of goods.

The German reading society of this burg, is in a flourishing condition under the supervision of C. E. Edmonds.

A classical and normal school will be opened in this place on the 20th of next month. H. C.

For the Reporter.

ASSEMBLY.

HON. F. KURTZ:—Suitable candidates for the Legislature is what the democracy of Centre are, at this period, looking for. We want men who are honest and capable of filling the office, and who will serve to the best interest of their constituents. Such an one, and one who is deserving of the office, and who would command the vote of the party, can be found in the person of H. Y. Stitzer, Esq., of Bellefonte. Mr. Stitzer has heretofore held responsible positions and always served the people with honor to himself, and left the office which he held with a spotless character, and proven himself to be one of the most faithfull democrats the county affords. If he be nominated and elected, he would make a member to whom the people could point with pride, and feel confident that they would be faithfully represented. Should he be nominated, we would give him such an overwhelming majority on this side of the county that it would even exceed the expectations of the most sanguine democrat. PENN'S VALLEY.

CHARM OF MANNER.—It is said that bees will not sting a person whose skin is smeared in honey. The gracious manners of Charles James Fox preserved him from personal dislike even when he had gambled away his last dollar, and, politically, was the most unpopular man in England. A charming manner not only enhances personal beauty, but hides ugliness and makes even plainness agreeable. There is hardly any career in which an ill-favored countenance is not a stumbling block at the outset, that may never be surmounted. There are people called "unpresentable," who have giants to contend with at their first start in life. Yet who does not know how much a happy manner often does to neutralize the ill effects of forbidding looks? The fascination of the demagogue Wilkes' manner triumphed over both physical and moral deformity, rendering even ugliness agreeable; and he boasted to Lord Townsend, the handsomest man in Great Britain, that, with half an hour's start, he would get ahead of his lordship in the affections of any woman in the kingdom. The ugliest Frenchman perhaps that ever lived was Mirabeau; yet such was the witchery of his manner that the belt of no gay Lotharie of his day was hung with a greater number of bleeding female hearts than that of this thunderer of the tribune who shook from his locks "pestilence and war," and whose looks were so hideous that he was compared to "a tiger pitted by the small-pox." The success which Aaron Burr achieved, up to the hour when he betrayed his party in 1801, arose not more from his political skill and knowlege than from his inimitable address and his infinite tact in conversation.—From Prof. Matthews' 'Getting on in the World.'

A $100 MISTAKE.

If there be one man of this continent who appreciates the value of advertising, 'tis Orange Judd. A number of years ago when he and his wife spent their evenings in putting up packages of seeds, and a penny had its full value to them, he sent a boy with a check for $100 to the New York Herald office, with instructions to pay what was due and leave the rest for advertising. The boy being dull of comprehension did not understand him, and told the book-keeper to use $100 for one day. The next morning what was Mr. Judd's horror to see on taking up the Herald, "Read the American Agriculturist" repeated for nearly a whole column. He rushed down to the office for an explanation, and found that they had only followed instructions, and there was no help for it. "We are ruined," he said to his wife; "a whole year's advertisement gone in one day." But instead of being his ruin it was the beginning to his success. Immediately subscriptions poured in from all parts of the country. The Agriculturist became an institution, and its proprietor is one of the wealthiest men in New York. Mr. Judd has continued from that day of the lucky mistake to be one of the most extensive advertisers in the country.

There is a woman in Waynesburg, Green county, who is reading the Bible through for the forty-eighth time.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

A Mighty War Imminent—The Increase of Huge Armies Becoming Intolerable—Opinions of the London "Times."

London, May 28.—The leading article in the Times of yesterday is one well worthy of the attention which it will everywhere receive. It was a plain warning that Europe is on the eve of a mighty war. Affairs have come to such a pass that the burden of maintaining the armies which all the nations have prepared for the coming war is too great long to be endured. But still these armies are constantly increased. "The process of turning citizens into soldiers," says the Times, "goes on all over Europe without any apparent limit." The German army is more than half as large again as it was fifteen years ago, but still it is large enough to satisfy Bismarck and Moltke. France, Austria, Italy, Russia, Belgium, and Sweden is each following Germany's example, and are increasing their armies. Each is afraid of all the others, and "Europe is returning to the traditions of an earlier age, when every free man was a soldier, and the pursuits of industry were wholly subordinate to the claims of military service." Each nation says it is arming only for defense—but some of them have already armies for defense more numerous than any offensive army that can be brought against them. For, says the Times:

Germany has a total army of 1,261,000 men, and this is very nearly twice as large as the entire offensive army of European and Asiatic Russia, and falls very little short of the combined offensive forces of France and Austria and Italy. The French army, again, is much larger than the army with which Germany could make the attack. Nor is Italy less well defended against all posible assailants. Within the last fifteen years she has almost doubled her standing army, and has increased the available effensive part of it in an even larger proportion. She has now 605,200 soldiers with whom she can defend herself, and 322,000 with whom she can attack her neighbors. If we measure her defensive forces against the offensive forces of any other nation whatever, we shall find that they do not fall far short of any, and that they are considerably in excess of most. The very pretense of reason thus altogether disappears, and the jelousies and suspicions of the nations of Europe with regard to each other's future movements are shown clearly to be as baseless as they are ruinous."

England for every 1,000 of her population, maintains only three soldiers for offensive purposes; Italy and Belgium maintain twelve; France and Austria fifteen; and Germany twenty-one. It is in vain for Germany to pretend that she wishes only to defend herself—she means mischief, and the gun which will be the signel of the next great war, will be fired by her.

POPE PIUS TO THE PILGRIMS.

Reception of the Americans at the Vatican—The Pontiff's Address.

Rome, June 9.—The pilgrims from the United States, accompanied by one hundred American Catholic residents of Rome, proceeded to the Vatican to-day, and were received by the Pope. Bishop Dwenger, introducing them, expatiated on the unalterable devotion of the Catholics of the United States to the Holy Father. Honestly loving liberty, he heartily condemned the tyranical persecutions of the Church by braggarts false to liberty and estranged from God.

Dr. Theard spoke briefly in the same spirit. The Pope replied that amid the darkness which encompased the world this manifestation was a ray of light. Enemies of the Holy Church were numerous.

It was a great consolation to look upon the New World, where true faith had so marvellously developed as to require the the creation of new dioceses. Still false religions prevail in a large part of that continent, and we must constantly pray for the restoration of all to the true faith.

The pilgrims advanced one by one and kissed the Pope's hand, and presented gifts they had brought from America. After this most interesting interview the pilgrims withdrew, deeply impressed.

They propose on a future occasion to present an album containing the signiture of each member of the pilgrimage. Thursday next the entire party will receive communion from the hands of the Pope.

THE REFORMED CHURCH SYNOD.

A Stormy Discussion on the Revised Liturgy—Sweeping Changes.

Poughkeepsie, June 5.—The Synod of the Reformed Church to-day discussed the report of committee appointed to revise the liturgy. The discussion was a very spirited one throughout. The Rev. Dr. Ganz declared that the revised liturgy should be placed before the classes for deliberation, and charged that it was leading to ritualism. The Rev. A. M. Maan opposed any tinkering with the liturgy whatever. Some of the members favored the striking out of the liturgy, which brought out the assertion from another member that he did not believe eight churches of the American Synod worshiped alike. Several times there was much confusion in the discussion.

The evening session was a stormy one. Finally the following resolution, offered by Elder Pruyn, was adopted:

Resolved, That the Synod approve of so much of the liturgy reported by the committee as is not inconsistant with or forbidden by the constitution, and give permission to use the same, this resolution not sanctioning any change in the babtismal form or the form of the administration of the Lord's supper.

The revised liturgy thus adopted almost entirely revolutionizes the marriage service, the burrial service, the service of the laying of the corner stone of a church or chapel, and the service of the dedication of a church or chapel. The churches in the various classis, however, have permission to use it or not as they deem proper.

THE RESCUED BURGLAR.

His Body Found Buried near the Scene of his Attempted Robbery and Murder.

Milton, Pa., June 5.—On Wednesday afternoon last two boys were gathering flowers in the woods about three miles from Samuel Bond's house, in which the fight with the burglar occurred on Saturday night last. About a hundred yards from the road they came upon a fresh mound of earth. They commenced digging, and after uncovering about two feet of earth came to the body of a man. They ran frightened away, and told Wm. Coles, who was coming up the road with a team. He exhumed the body. It had nothing on but a shirt. The face was discolored, but as the corpse was not decomposed it could not have been buried long. Coles concluded at once that the body was that of the burglar who had been so badly wounded by the Bends, and rescued by his companions. He put the body on his wagon, and took it to Bond's house. They identified the remains as those of the burglar Meyer.

There is no doubt that the condition of the burglar was so critical at the time he was rescued by his companions that he was not able to stand the ride, and he died in a short time after being taken from the house.

Sunbury fire companies will celebrate the 4th of July at Selinsgrove.

A daily evening paper will be started at Altoona.

Wilkes Barre had a 15th amendment celebration on the 4th.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

Mayor Powell and the police have been working hard to ferret out the incendiary gang which have been scattering desolation by the torch, throughout the city of Williamsport, and on Sunday night, Wm Schultz, James Parker, Warren Meginness, Elijah Beal, Robert Tensman, W. Kallaclush, James Byerbach and Alonzo Parker were arrested. The prisoners are all between the ages of 18 and 21, and members of the Fire Department.

One of their number, after his arrest, revealed some of the operations of the gang, and the following are some of the plans by which fires were started:

In a cigar box was nailed a candle, and around the candle was packed waste saturated with oil. This candle was placed in such a position that by lighting it the material above would net be ignited. Time was thus afforded the incendiaries to be far away from the scene of their exploits before the burning candle would so far reduce itself as to reach the waste; when it did, however, a flame would spring up, insuring the success of the plot.

Another, was to throw lighted matches into the open windows of barns, without going into the building. This was done on Saturday night, but failed, as there was no hay near the window where the matches were thrown in.

It appears that the programme for this week was made out, the arrangements were of an extensive character, and is well for Williamsport that, through the vigilance of those who have been working the matter up, these arrests have been made. There will be but little sympathy for these lawless ones, who have been robbing families of their homes, and sending terror to the hearts of all.

Last Saturday night fires were to have been started at Gas Works, D. H. Forsemen's barn, Beaver Mills lumber yard, barn on Elmira street, and S. T. McCormick's barn, and attempts were made at each of these places, but frustrated through the officers.

The parties arrested had a hearing on Tuesday, and were held to bail in the sum of $10,000 each, in default of which they were committed to jail.

We learn that one of the lads boasted of having attempted to fire seventeen buildings, eleven of which were destroyed.

FAMINE IN PALESTINE.

Fourteen Thousand People Threatened With Starvation—An Appeal for Aid.

Dr. Lehman has put forth an appeal, dated Mayence, May 10, 1874, in which he says:

"Fourteen thousand Jews are threatened with starvation in Palestine. The price of victuals has risen to three times the former standard. The Jewish population has already disposed of every available article of value in exchange for food. The Jews of England have already contributed something like $8,000, and these of Germany $4,000 towards the relief of the sufferers; but how far does this sum reach when a population like the one we have named requires relief? Therefore come quickly to our aid. Help and save."

Contributions sent to the editor of the Jewish Times, New York, will be promptly forwarded.

THE OHIO MINERS' SRIKE.

Military Called Out.

Columbus, June 11.—Adjutant General Amos to day received orders from Governor Allen to ship, by the first train to Chillicothe, a sufficient quantity of fixed ammunition to supply the Still Guard, a company of Militia who will be ordered to Nelsonville, if necessary, to prevent bloodshed.

Cincinnati, June 11.—The Lytle Greys Military have received orders from the State Adjutant General to be in readiness to march at moment's notice to Nelsonville to suppress striking miners' riot there. They are in armory ready.

Arrival of the Negroes.

About three hundred and forty colored men, most of them from Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, arrived here about 4 o'clock this [morning, having collected in Columbus by different routes last night. They were accompanied by twenty-one special policemen from Columbus. They passed the Nelsonville depot and proceeded directly to Longstreth's mines, half a mile below, but still within the village corporation, where they found everything quiet. They were immediately placed on military duty. Arms were placed in their hands and picket lines, encircling a territory of half a mile in diameter, rounding the entrance to Longstreth's Mines, were established. During the day the American flag has floated from Longstreth's where the new men collected. The camp lines have been marked down, and the colored men have been patroling the outskirts all day with muskets and fixed bayonets, refusing admittance within the lines to all not endorsed by the operators or police. About twenty-seven are on picket duty around the hills in the rear of the works, and a reserve picket force is to be added to-night. Three of the colored men missed the special train last night, but came down on the passenger train to-day accompanied by Jas. R. Spencer, who is at the head of the Columbus police force.

Hostilities Commenced.

When the train stopped at the depot several miners got aboard to talk to the negroes. The train was stopped again below the town and John Spencer and the negroes got off. A shot was fired at them from the car step. The sheriff happened to be near the man at the time and arrested him at once. This is the only riotous demonstration as yet. During the whole day an average of about one hundred men, women and children, in sympathy with the strikers, have been collected just outside the lines at the Longstret Works, but they are not allowed to come into camp. Any one presenting himself for admission is promptly met by a bayonet. In town everything has been quiet all day and there have been no menaces at the works except occasional derisive remarks, directed at the new importations. The negroes are a rugged set of men and many of them have

Seen Military Service.

A few of them are fresh from the Brooks-Baxter war in Arkansas. They express great determination and those not on guard duty have been industriously drilling all day. Among the operators within the lines are T. Longstreet, W. B. Brooks, W. B. McClung, Miner T. Ames and a representative of the New York and Ohio Coal Company. They express the greatest confidence that the negroes will stand by them either for defense or work, and the behavior of the colored troops seems to justify this confidence. The force fairly bristles with bayonets. They have 250 muskets, with bayonets, United States belts and cartridge boxes complete; also, one hundred navy revolvers, besides many smaller fire arms.

Meeting of the Miners.

At the mass meeting of union miners yesterday the demand of L. D. Poston for an increase of one hundred inches to the bushel was considered. The miners refused, but agreed to recede from their basis of three dollars per hundred to two dollars and eighty seven cents which Posten accepted. During the strike Poston has not opposed the miners' demands, but he works but a few hands, and is not in the general conferences of the operators. The miners say they are willing to treat with the other operators the same as with Poston, and that they have been sold through the strike; but the operators this afternoon repeat their declamation that they will have nothing to do with Union miners at any price. Sixty strikers have just arrived in procession from Carbondale, and four hundred are expected from Straitsville to-night.

Some Demonstration.

Thos. Riert, President of the Nelsonville Union came down the line near Longstreet works accompanied by twenty or thirty other persons and addressed as many of the colored men as were within hearing urging them to lay down their arms and join the ranks of the Union. The episode created some commotion, and one colored boy deserted. At the same time there was a sort of demonstration at another point in the line, women taking a part, but it was not serious.

At eight o'clock, no more than two dozen of those sympathizing with the strikers were visible from the Longstreet works, were collected half way between there and the village. The sheriff of Athens county is in the line, and the police force are deputized by him, but he declines to call on the Executive until there is actual violence. The operators are not in accord with him, saying there is danger of bloodshed before troops can arrive.

The Picket Fired Upon.

A third despatch, dated midnight, from L. E. Johnson, City Editor of the State Journal, who is on special duty for his paper at Nelsonville, states that the pickets on duty at Longstreth's mines have been fired on several times to night, and returned the shots without injuring anyone. Some of the colored men will be set to work to-morrow. The Union miners have formed a picket line near the line of the colored forces, and no one is permitted to pass without explanations in detail.

BEECHER ON IMAGINARY TROUBLES.

Mr. Beecher had the usual large audience to listen to his Friday evening talk at Plymouth lecture-room. He chose a text from Scripture as the theme of his discourse. His text was from First Samuel, vii., 12: "Then Samuel took a stone and set it between Mizpah and Shem and called the name of it Eben-ezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." After speaking of the condition of the Israelites at that time, having for a long time been under the oppression of the Philistines, and having been gathered together by Samuel, they were attacked by the Philistines, who became panic-stricken by reason of a great storm which arose, and dispersed in all directions, and then the Israelites, bold as lions when they saw them run, went out after them, and gained a great victory over them. Then it was that Samuel placed the stone and said: "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." It was a souvenir, a memento and whenever they should look upon it, it should inspire them with courage, and that was the quality they most needed. From this simple incident, Mr. Beecher thought much wisdom might be borrowed, and many mistakes might be avoided into which men were all the time falling. Men were continually fighting the same battles over and over again, and that battle was fought over again whenever men lose confidence in the protecting presence of God. Trouble comes upon the household, and father and mother counsel together, and it seems as though this time they must go under, and days and weeks go by, and the cloud dissolves, and the darkness flees away, and a great deliverance comes, and they are very happy; but they never put up anything for a remembrance; and another trouble comes, and they are just as brooding and apprehensive as before. So people go on magnifying trouble, and when God's deliverance comes they are without gratitude or faith gathered from continuous victories. Christian duty and Christian wisdom should lead men so to inventory and study their experiences as that they may be able to do by their religious emotions that which they do in their business, namely, gather stability from their experiences. "Say that a member of this congregation," continued Mr. Beecher, "was accustomed to step outside of his regular business and speculate in Wall street—that he thought he had an opportunity of deing a good thing. A great many men have gone into Wall street and thought they had a nice thing, but when they walked out it was not so nice after all. (Laughter.) Now, suppose the daughter is wiser than the father, and she makes him promise before he leaves home that he will not buy any stocks to-day, and so he gets a little book, and when he sees what he thinks is a good thing he puts it down in the little book—a hundred shares of this or that stock—just as if he had bought it, just as some people chew camomile flowers when they are trying to leave off chewing tobacco; and at the end of a month he foots up what he would have won or lost, and he finds he would have been very much out of pocket if he had really made the transactions entered in the little book. Now suppose you do that with your troubles. Hang up some little object in your chamber and inscribe on it something that troubles you, and then another and then another, and then every month or two go and inspect them and see how things have turned out. You come to the first one and you smile. You had nearly forgotten it, and yet it had power at the time to put you down and make you lie on your back like a puppy with his feet in the air and his tail wagging. How many men there are that lie down so. Well, they ain't killed, after all. But when they get up how few there are when the next trouble comes that can say: 'The Lord that always helped me hitherto will still help me. My strength is of God; I am fearless.' He has said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;' so I may boldly say, 'The Lord is my helper; I will not fear what man may do unto me. These promises of God; they ought to be the rod and staff. Oh, lead us when we are called to walk into the dark valleys' even into shadows of death."

AFFLICTED SOUTH CAROLINA.

An old resident of South Carolina, who came East on business, was recently met by the editor of the Newark Journal, and, in the conversation that ensued, told a story of the social and political condition of that State, of a nature so disgraceful that every honest man in the country would at once indignantly deny its truth were it possible to do so in the face of the floods of similar testimony from other quarters. The story is in substance as follows: In Charleston County alone there have been 2,900 parcels of property lately sold for taxes, and forfeited to the State for want of bidders. Between the imported thieves and the native thieves there is hardly anything of value left. Governor Moses and his friends have demoralized the negroes and got control of the State, and now hold what there is left of it. The negroes have great confidence in all Northern men, and that is at the foundation of much of the evil. For instance, there came a man through a certain section of the State representing himself as a son of General Sherman, telling the negroes to select their forty acres of land secretly, and in consideration of so much money they should soon have the deeds. The swindler, of course, realized largely. Again, many "missionaries" sent from the North cheat and delude the poor black men by making them pay roundly for bibles, school-books, &c., sent by charitable associations, and when any Southern man attempts to expose the game the blacks call him a "Demacrack liar." The whites complain more of high assessments than high taxation. An illustration of this is furnished by the case of a gentleman in Orangeburg County, who was assessed $27,000 on property that would not bring $10,000 in cash under the hammer. The same party had State and county claims, but could not pay his tax with them or get them paid without submitting to a heavy shave by some of the ring agents with State funds. Property sold for taxes when purchasers can be found scarcely brings more than the amount of taxes and costs, as there is no one but those in the ring able to buy. About 3,000 acres of pine timber land was sold for taxes on the first Monday in last October at the Court-house of Chesterfield County at 3 cents per acre, and at private sale property will not realize anything. Rich alluvial lands in the Peedee Valley that before the war would command $25 per acre, have been offered at $2 per acre, which is about a proportionate value of property. Regarding the crops, the close of the war found the planters all poor, and they were compelled to mortgage their growing crops to their factors at a rate of about 25 per cent. profit and 25 per cent. interest. This, of course, with all the other plagues, swept them clear every year, and in many cases even their stock, and this year starvation will stare some of them in the face. As to the courts of the State they are a farce, from the Legislature down to magistrates. During the session of the last Legislature, included in an omnibus bill was a claim of a bar-tender in Columbia. On coming to his knowledge he sent in a communication that was read to the House, that the claim with his name attached was a forgery, and he should insist that it might be destroyed in his presence. This was passed off as a good joke on the party that forged the claim. In Darlington County Court a negro was tried by a negro jury for some offence against the State. The jury shifted the crime on to the shoulders of the State and brought the State in guilty. In the same county two negroes were tried for larceny before a negro trial justice. They had been detected by being tracked to the stolen property. The magistrate stated that he could not find in his copy of Blackstone where a party could be found guilty when betrayed by tracks. Although there was positive proof they were set at liberty The conviction of any crime by one of Moses's followers is followed by a pardon. The only thing that can save the State now is the interference of the national courts, so that the thieves and robbers may be dislodged and the high places fumigated. The National Administration refuses to hear the appeals of the suffering people, because some hot-headed, impudent person down there, goaded to it by the terrible situation of affairs, has abused the President, and the Northern people cannot see anything but the Ku-Klux, skull, and cross-bones to sympathize with. The gentleman the pith of whose words we have given said in conclusion: "Look at one of the stars you made such great sacrifices to keep only to be daubed and smeared with filth to disgrace the whole banner. Its ruler gone into bankruptcy, arrested for larceny, and under bonds for seduction. What a spectacle for an American citizen to behold! Is there no serpent that can be lifted up for us?"

Now wheat has been sold in St. Louis.

Levi Saunders the alleged terger is now in jail at Harrisburg.

Milton pays to her public school teachers $3,144 annually.

MARKETS.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White Wheat $1 30 Red 125.... Rye..... 80.....Corn 80 .....Oats 55.....Barley 80. $70.....Clover seed 4.50 .....Potatoes 60 Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 20.....Eggs 15. .....Plaster per ton $15 Tallow 8.....Bacon 10.....Ham 15 · Lard per pound 8 cents.....Buck wheat 65 cts.....Flour per barrel retail 8,50... wholesale 7,25 to 7,50

MILROY MARKETS

White wheat 1.30....Red wheat 125....Rye 60.....Corn 50.....Oats 35.....Barley 80..... Cloverseed 4,00.....Timothyseed, 350..... Salt 2 25 per sack.....Flour per barrel 8,00 Bacon 7c.....Ham 15..... Butter 20.... Eggs 20.....Plaster 9 50

Chestnut Coal per Ton $5.75.....Stove Coal per Ton $6.50.....Egg Coal per Ton $6.50..... Limeburner's Coal per Ton $5.50

Assembly.

We are authorized to announce the name of Dr. Peter Smith, of Centre Hall, as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be exposed to Public Sale, at the late residence of Wm. Gentzel, dec'd, in Gregg twp., on WEDNESDAY, JULY 8th, at 10 o'clock, a. m. 1 Horse, 3 Cows, 1 Heifer, 8 Hogs, 1 2-Horse Wagon, 1 2 Horse Spring wagon, 1 Top Buggy, 1 2-Horse Sled, 1 Sleigh, 2 Logsleds, 1 set Tug Harness, Single Harness, Forks, Chairs, and other farming utensils. Also Beds, Bedsteads, Corner Cupboards, 1 Cooking Stove, 1 Ten-plate Stove, Tables, Chairs, Dishes, Tubs, Meat Vessels. Also about 3000 feet of Poplar, Linn, Oak and Spruce Lumber.

GEORGE GENTZEL,
HENRY GENTZEL,
my18 Adm'rs.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Ezra Brittan, of Potter twp, dec'd have been granted to the undersigned, who requests all persons indebted to said estate, to make immediate payment of the same, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated by law.

JOHN WOLF,
jun11-6t Adm'r

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of John P. Ross, late of Greg twp., dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned who request all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated by law for settlement.

MARY A. ROSS,
ROBT. COMMINGS,
June 4 6t. Executors.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that I have purchased the stock and effects of T. F. Sallada, living at Centre Mills, Mifflin county, and will leave the same in his possession at my pleasure, and all persons are hereby cautioned against meddling with the same in any manner whatever.

M. J. DUCK,
Potters Mills.
JOHN SALLADA,
Clinton county.
my28-3t.

IN the Orphans' Court of Centre county. The matter of the estate of John Reesman, dec'd. The undersigned appointed an auditor by the Orphans' Court of Centre county, to hear and pass upon the exceptions filed to the administration account in the estate of John Reesman, dec'd and make report thereof at next term of Court, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte on Tuesday, June 23d 1874, at 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, when and where all parties interested can attend if they see proper.

D. F. FORTNEY,
my28-3t Auditor.

IN the Orphans' Court of Centre county. The matter of the estate of Wm. Eckart, dec'd. The undersigned an auditor appointed by the said Orphans' Court to make distribution of the money in the hands of the administrator to and among those legally entitled thereto and make report thereof at next court, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte, on Tuesday, 30th day of June, 1874, at 10 o'clock, a. m., of said day, when and where all parties having claims will present them before the Auditor or be debarred from coming in for a share of the fund.

D. F. FORTNEY,
my28-3t Auditor.

NOTICE OF APPEALS.—Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners of Centre county will hear appeals from assessments of 1874 for the different townships and boroughs in said county, on the following days, at the places for holding elections in townships and boroughs, to wit:

Patton twp Tuesday, June 16.
Half Moon twp Wednesday June 17.
Ferguson twp Thursday, June 18.
Harris twp Friday, June 19.
Potter twp Saturday, June 20.
Gregg twp Monday, June 22
Penn twp Tuesday June 23.
Haines twp Wednesday June 24.
Miles twp Thursday, June 25.
Walker twp Friday, June 26.
Marion twp Monday, June 29
Liberty twp Tuesday, June 30
Curtin twp Wednesday, July 1.
Howard twp and boro' Thursday July 2
Boggs twp Friday, July 3
Milesburg boro' Monday, July 6.
Unionville and Union twp Tuesday July 7th.
Huston twp Wednesday, July 8.
Worth twp Thursday, July 9.
Taylor twp Friday, July 10
Spring twp Saturday, July 11
Snow Shoe twp Tuesday, July 14
Burnside twp Wednesday, July 15
Philipsburg and Rush twp Friday July 17th.
Bellefonte boro' Monday and Tuesday, July 20 and 21st.
Benner twp Wednesday July 22.
By order of the Board of Commissioners.

jun4-6t. R. H. FORSTER, Clerk

DEATHS.

On 14th, in Aaronsburg, Susan wife of Abs. Mingle, aged 39 years.

On 29th ult., in Potter twp., Mrs. Isabell Slack, aged 76 years, 11 months 16 days.

On the 27th, at Lock Haven, Mr. Stephen Dresher, aged 61 years, 8 months and 21 days. Formerly from Potter township.

On the 3d inst., in Patton twp, Mrs. Eliza Reed, daughter of Philip Carper, Esq., aged about 20 years.

On the 6th inst., Pattor twp., of inflammation of the bowels, John G. Stine, aged about 60 years.

On the 29th ult., in Potter towp. Mrs. Isabel Slack, wife of Uriah Slack, in her 77th year.

In Pine Grove Mills Centre co., May the 31st, 1874, Mr George Musser aged 57 years.

Mr. Musser whe passed from this earth to that state of being from whence no one ever returns, deserves at least a passing notice from those who knew him best. His disease was Cancer of the stomach, which is almost universally slow and lingering, but sure and fatal in its work, causing him untold suffering which he bore most patiently over a year. During all of that time of intense anguish and pain he exhibited the most profound submission to his Heavenly Father, who in so mysterious a providence caused him so much suffering.

The post-mortem examination which was had by Drs. Fisher, Smith and Dale discovered such a diseased state of the stomach, liver, and intestines, as, even to astonish these men, scienced in the art of human disease, plainly evincing to all, that no one knew, but the Omniscient God, and himself, what he had to suffer during those days, weeks, and months of illness. Mr. Musser was for many years a useful, consistent member of the Lutheran church in Pine Grove. He was a man of more than ordinary intelligence—a safe counsellor, and advisor, and as a financier he had few equals.

In his domestic relations he endeared himself to all who came in contact with him. As a husband, he was loving and devoted,—as a father, affectionate and perhaps to a fault indulgent, as a neighbor and citizen, he was social, obliging, enterprising, and public spirited.

It may be truthfully said that a good man has passed away, and the bereaved family, the church, and the community have sustained a great loss.

He was fully acquainted with the nature and termination of the disease, and calmly awaited his departure. He frequently desired the prayers of the church, and of his family that he might be patient in his affliction. It has never been our privilege to witness such a complete self-negation and an entire acquiesence to the will of God. He never permitted any one to set up, or watch at his bed side; he would have his family retire, and if sleep did not come he would wake alone

Farm, Garden and Household.

Classifications of Food.

A recent writer undertakes to classify ifoods under four physiological divisions, namely, carbonaceous, nitrogenized, phosphorized, and fresh vegetables. Of the first, he makes bread and butter the type, and to it belong in general all articles in which starch or flour, fat and sugar, predominate; they are the fuel, serving chiefly to sustain the animal heat by the slow combustion of the carbon given off as carbonic acid in the act of respiration—a kind of food which consumptive people should use in abundance. Of the second class, roast beef is presented as the type, and, in general, the flesh and blood of quadrupeds, which, when taken in one's stomach, are rather simply absorbed than digested; because, being already muscular ingredients, they need no elaborate change to be appropriated into the muscular tissues in order to supply their waste. This class is consequently of great value to hard-working people. To the third class belong oysters and fish, of well understood adaptation to persons given to brain labor. Lemons and lemon-juice are by this writer made the type of the fourth class, which is, as he thinks, good for everybody, because of the medicinal effect of all fresh vegetables and fruits—stimulating the secreting organs, keeping the system pure, and counteracting any tendency to scurvy, scrofula, erruptions, indigestion, constipation, etc.

John Johnston's Maxims.

There is no great success in farming without hard work, but it is the good thinking that costs, not the plodding alone. It is up-hill business to go against the common judgment of all your neighbors, but if you are sure you are right go ahead, no matter what they say. The servant is not above his master in industry. The farmer must be able to lead the field and know whether a man is doing good work, and the workman must know that he knows what a day's work is. I said forty years ago that I would use plaster if it cost me $10 a ton, but clover and plaster alone will not keep up the fertility of grain farms. When I see a man draining his farm and carting out notable piles of well-rotted manure I consider him safe. He can borrow money to make improvements, and the sheriff will not often tie up at his hitching-post. When the midge demands an early harvest, or the ground is so rich that the straw falls, I have almost saved a crop by sowing salt. Farmers miss it in giving up the old worn-fence. It is the cheapest in the end. I wire the stakes together and keep the bottom rail up. It is awkward looking, but I have sound rails now that were not new forty years ago. I have burned good rails in my time, but I did not know as much then as I do now.

Moths.

A lady of large experience writes as follows: There is no absolute safety from moths excepting in the absolute exclusion of the miller. If put away early in the season, before the millers make their appearance, furs can be kept in their boxes without danger of any kind, by simply pasting thin paper closely around them. No aperture must be left for the entrance of the miller, though the paste need not touch the boxes. Articles of any kind can be tied up very tightly in pillow-cases, or sewed up in sheets. To keep dresses, cloaks, etc., without creasing, suspend them near the upper edge of the sheet, then lay another sheet over, sew the two sheets together at the edges, then sew loops at the upper edge of this bag, and hang it up wherever you please. Be careful that there be no hole for the miller to enter. In order to secure further safety it is well to beat and brush the furs and garments well before putting them away, and if it is anything that can be heated, if may not be amiss to heat it enough to destroy the eggs that may be already laid.

To Keep Eggs for Setting.

An English agricultural paper says that eggs intended for setting should be stored with the large end down, because the air-bubble does not spread so much as when the small end is down—this spreading of the air-bubble being known to effect the freshness and vitality of the egg. Eggs stored with the large end down will keep perfectly good for hatching for more than a month, while the others cannot be depended on after two weeks. To this the new England *Farmer* adds: A successful poultry breeder in Franklin, Mass., has been experimenting with eggs for setting, and declares the above statement correct, and adds that eggs stored on the large end for a few weeks before setting will all hatch at once, instead of varying several hours, as is usually the case with eggs not so prepared.

Flies on Horses.

The *Journal of Chemistry* gives the following simple recipe for the prevention of flies on horses: Take two or three small handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of cold water; let it infuse one night, and next morning pour the whole into a kettle and let it boil for a quarter of an hour. When cold it will be fit for use. No more is required than to moisten a sponge, and before the horse goes out of the stable, let those parts which are most irritable be smeared over with the liquid, namely: between and upon the ears, the neck, the flanks, &c. Not only the gentleman and lady who rides out for pleasure will be benefited by this, but the coachman, the wagoner, and all others who use horses during the hot months.

Insects in the Garden.

We pub ish below a plan for destroying insects from one of our correspondents: "My method of destroying bugs, worms, and other insects in the garden is to raise ducks and turkeys. I find that little turkeys are very keen sighted, and insects must be very small to escape their notice. Ducks also, both large and small, consume large quantities of insects, and they will search around plants for the cut-worm, and soon clear a garden of this pest. From my own experience I consider young turkeys and ducks the best of insect scavengers, and I would advise those who have never tried such aids to make one experiment in that direction, and see if I am not correct.

A Cheap Wash for Buildings.

Take a clean water-tight cask, and put into it a half bushel of unslacked lime. Cover it with boiling hot water six inches deep, stir briskly and wait for the lime to slack. To the lime and water add two pounds of a salt called sulphate of zinc (white vitriol) and one pound of common salt. These ingredients cause the whitewash to harden, and not crack and fall off. To form a beautiful cream color, add three pounds of yellow ochre. A lump of ivory black will give a pearl or lead color. Lamp black may be used to produce a darker color if desired. Applied to pailings, plank fences, and all out-buildings, they last much longer and look better.

The Southern Methodist.

The following was adopted in regard to establishing fraternal relations with the Northern Church, by the General Conference of the Methodist Church South:

Whereas, The discussions and votes of this conference on the subject of fraternal relations with the Methodist Episcopal Church and its cognate subjects present an appearance of essential differences which do not exist, therefore,

Resolved, That upon the subject of fraternal relations with the Methodist Episcopal Church, upon a proper basis, this Conference is a unit.

Resolved, That we are also a unit upon the propriety of appointing a commission empowered to meet a like commission from the Methodist Episcopal Church to settle all questions of difficulty between us, and that such settlement is essential to complete fraternity.

Resolved, That the only points of difference between us on this whole subject are the best methods of accomplishing the desired end.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

The *Springfield Republican's* final summing up of the number of lives lost by the Mill River disaster makes the total 140, of whom the bodies of all but five have been recovered and identified.....The Pope has recovered from his recent illness.....A jury in the United States Circuit Court at Des Moines has decided a case of interest to railway and steamboat companies, and to people who have houses near railway tracks and navigable rivers. Thomas Kellogg's sawmill and elevator were set on fire by a spark from the chimney of a transfer boat belonging to the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company and burnt to the ground. He claimed damages on the ground that the fire originated from the carelessness of the company's employees. The jury allowed him $12,550.20.....Two men in Prescott, Arizona, fought about a dog. The larger got his antagonist down, and holding him proceeded to cut his face artistically with a knife. He seemed to take delight in so gashing the man as to disfigure him as much as possible. The wretch had just been pardoned out of the penitentiary, where he had been serving a term for a similar crime.....In Cambridge City, Ind., there was a sale of short-horned cattle belonging to Gen. Meredith and son, when fifty head brought the handsome sum of $25,000. The bull Joan's Cherub was sold to Alex. Charles, of Dixon, Ill., for $17,410, while the best cows brought from $500 to $2,000 each. The entire herd was sold off in three hours, many different States being represented by the purchasers.....Hugh Callahan, who stole a canal boat containing seven thousand bushels of grain from Pier 47, North River, and unloaded it in Brooklyn, was sentenced to four years and eleven months in the Kings County penitentiary.....Buffaloes are moving in immense numbers west of Fort Dodge, and hundreds of hunters are gathering for the slaughter.....A swarm of industrious grasshoppers devoured a thirteen acre field of wheat, growing finely, in Humboldt county, Iowa, in two days, eating the green blades bare to the ground.....A telegram from a large coal operator at Massillon, Ohio, states that the coal miners employed near Massillon have been on a long strike, and when it was proposed to put new men at work, the miners fired the trestle work and buildings and threatened the lives of the outside men and the guards. They shot two men. Anticipating an extensive riot, the Governor was asked to send help as soon as possible.

The European steamship Idaho ran upon the beach at Fire Island, but was got off unscathed and uninjured. Her passengers were landed without loss.....The pilot house of the French steamer Europe, abandoned by her captain and crew, and subsequently abandoned by a salvage crew put aboard the vessel by the captain of the English steamer Egypt, which rescued the passengers in April last was passed at sea two degrees north and two degrees east, between three and four hundred miles from the point where the salvage crew left her. This sets at rest all questions of the fate of the Europe, as her pilot house could not have been detached unless she had gone down.....While a small yacht was endeavoring to enter the Eastern Gap in the island at Toronto, she was struck by a squall, and capsized. All those on board, some six or seven, were thrown into the water, the surf running very high at the time, and drowned. The ferry boat Delaware of the Pavonia line sunk a small sail boat near the middle of the North river, and three men in the boat were drowned.....Diplomatic relations between Spain and Mexico have been resumed.....A call has been issued for a State Temperance Convention in New York, to be held at Auburn on June 23.....Mr. Carlisle and wife, of Allesburg, N. J., were struck by lightning, and the wife was instantly killed. The husband, it is thought, will recover.....The Arkansas House, after four hours of discussion, passed a bill giving amnesty to all parties connected with the late rebellion, except those holding positions in the Legislature, Executive, and Judicial Departments, who used their positions to forward the rebellion.

The lower House of the Arkansas Legislature, by a vote of 47 to 9, adopted resolutions declaring that Senators Dorsey and Clayton obtained their seats in the United States Senate by bribery and corruption, and that in case they do not resign within ten days the United Sttes Senate will be requested to investigate their election and expel them.....Three boys from Springfield, Conn., were drowned in the Connecticut River. They had taken off their clothes, and were attempting to cross a narrow inlet of the river at a place usually shallow, but now eight feet deep. All three went down together, a few feet from the shore. Their bodies were recovered within an hour. The oldest was but nine years and the youngest seven.....Two boats, containing thirteen raftsmen, collided in Flat Rapids, Ontario. The boats were capsized, and the men thrown into the river. Seven of them were drowned. The rapids are long and dangerous.....A family of five persons were saved from death in Binghamton, N. Y., by the mother dreaming that a woman, dressed in white, stood at the bedside, saying, "Get up, get up immediately; you are wanted!" On reaching the foot of the stairs she found her lamp, which she left on the table, had exploded, and all that was near in flames. It a short time the fire would have reached them. A few pails of water extinguished the fire. The woman in white was seen but a moment; where she came from or where she has gone is still a mystery.....Judge Lynch, of New Orleans, awarded the following amounts to colored claimants: One thousand dollars to Joseph vs. Bidwell, proprietor of the Academy of Music, for refusing him admittance; $250 each to George Washington and Lewis vs. McClosky for refusing to sell them soda water, and $250 to Clemont vs. O'Neill for refusing to sell him a drink. These cases were decided by the Judge in conformity with a law passed by the recent Legislature, the juries failing to agree.....Hon. David B. Mellish, Representative in Congress from New York, who was removed to the Government Asylum for the Insane, at Washington, for treatment about two weeks ago, died at the above-named institution.....A special dispatch from Carrollton, Ill., says that Clark Evans, who was arrested for the murder, on the 30th of April, of Jno. W. Hulbert, an old citizen who resided five miles west of that place, has made a free confession. The deed was done for money, but only a pocket-knife was obtained. Evans has served one term in the Penitentiary.

Chinese Politeness.

Rules of politeness are all regulated at Pekin by the tribunal of rites. In case you wish to pay a visit to a mandarin, the proper thing to do is to send in your card, on a small piece of red paper, on which is your name, followed by a polite sentence as this:

"The tender and sincere friend of your lordship, and the perpetual disciple of your doctrine, thus presents himself to pay his respects and to bow before you to the earth."

If the mandarin is willing to receive you, he asks you to pass before him. You are expected to make the humble reply, "I dare not;" and after an infinity of gestures, which are all arranged, and obligatory phrases, the master of the house bows to a chair, and slightly dusts it with the corner of his robe, upon which you are at length seated. The difficulties are much increased when ten or a dozen mandarins call upon an Englishman at once, and, according to custom, tea is offered, beginning at the one of the highest rank. He pretends to offer it to the next, then to the third, and so on to the last. All having politely refused, he permits himself to drink it. The second, in his turn, has to offer his cup to the others, and thus the farce proceeds, until all have gone through the wearisome task. The whole scene passes with imperturbable gravity, and it requires the greatest self-command not to smile at such etiquette.

TURNING CHARITY TO ACCOUNT.—One very severe winter, when distress was terribly prevalent, a soup-kitchen was opened in a destitute neighborhood, the lady patronesses themselves, for the sake of economy, taking it in turn to superintend the supply of the soup. The faces of the applicants became in time so familiar to their benefactresses that one day, when a little girl who was in the habit of taking only one plate asked for three, the lady in charge said, "Three penny plates to-day, my dear? How is that?" "If you please, ma'am," replied the child, with a suspicion of pride in her tone, "we have some friends coming to dinner to-day."

TRAGEDY IN WILLIAMSBURG.

A Mother Murders her Three Children—Attempted Murder of her Husband.

Michael Dwyer, a society cooper, who had been on strike for a number of weeks, returned to his lodgings, on the second floor of the three-story tenement-house No. 35 North Eighth street, Williamsburg, in a state of intoxication. He found his wife pale from anxiety and want, surrounded by her three little children, waiting up for him. She said, as he entered the room, "So you've come at last, Mike? Is the strike ended?" Dwyer replied that he did not know how it would be until the morning papers came out, containing a report of the action taken by the union at the meeting the night before. On hearing his answer his wife urged him to lie down and take some rest and be ready to go to work later in the morning, irrespective of any action the union might take. Dwyer said he would wait until the papers came out anyway before making application for work. Mrs. Dwyer had half persuaded her hubsand to leave the strike, and in order that there might be no further excuse for delay she went from the house to purchase a paper. In a few minutes she returned, being unable to find one at that hour, and asked her husband to go out and get a paper.

He did so, and while out met a brother cooper named Owen Murphy, who had decided to give up the strike and go to work. Murphy accompanied Dwyer to his home, urging him to go to work. Dwyer's wife joined in the appeal of his friend; but Dwyer finding that the union had taken no decided action, was obstinate, and announced his intention of waiting a few days longer. Murphy left to go to work, and Dwyer, drawing a chair near the front window, sat down to read the paper he had purchased. He had been in this position but a few minutes when his wife came stealthily behind the chair, armed with a heavy cooper's hammer, and struck her husband a terrible blow on the top of the head. He jumped from the chair, but before he could defend himself received another blow from the hammer at the base of his skull near the left ear. Stunned from the effects of the blows and covered with blood, he rushed from the room, and crossing the landing, entered the apartments of a man named Slavin, who lived on the same floor. Mrs. Slavin got a wet cloth and was in the act of applying it to the wounded man's head, when his wife followed him into the room and again rushed at him with the blood-stained hammer in her uplifted hand. Mrs. Slavin's husband, who is an old and feeble man, threw himself between the husband and wife, and after a severe struggle succeeded in wresting the hammer from the latter and forcing her out of the room. When Mrs. Slavin had tied a cloth round Dwyer's head, he ran hastily down stairs and into the street for aid, fearing his wife would attack their children.

A few blocks from the house he encountered Sergeant Fielding and officers of the Fifth Precinct. Sergeant Fielding, after learning the facts of the case, sent the wounded man to the station-house, and repaired himself to the house No. 35 North Eighth street. At the door he met a decent, quiet looking woman in the act of leaving the house. The Sergeant asked her if she knew a Mrs. Dwyer, and she said yes, that that was her name. The officer then asked about her husband, and she replied that she had struck him because he deserved it; that he refused to work to support his wife and children. Thinking that Dwyer was the only one assaulted, the Sergeant took the woman by the arm, and was walking with her to the station-house, when she remarked quietly that she had just killed her children, and that they were lying dead at the house. Fielding at once took the woman back to the house, and, mounting the stairs, entered the apartments of the Dwyers. These consisted of three small rooms. The front room, fourteen feet by twelve, was used as a kitchen and dining room, and through a door leading from it at the back was a small, dark bedroom. The remaining room off the hall was used as a coal hole and for lumber.

Passing through the front room the Sergeant, still holding Mrs. Dwyer by the arm, paused on the threshold of the dark bedroom. The only light was that admitted through the doorway, and as Sergt. Fielding stood at the threshold it was with difficulty that he could discern objects within. Gradually his eyes adapted themselves to the gloom, and he saw a spectacle that made his blood run cold. Stretched on a low bed were the corpses of three children. Two of the bodies reclined at the foot of the bed, while the third, that of a girl about seven years of age, occupied a position at the head. Blood stained the sheets and pillow-cases, and dropped with a dismal plash on the floor, where it collected in a pool and slowly made its way to a crevice under the bed, and disappeared under the floor. A single glance satisfied the Sergeant that the children were dead. A diligent search resulted in the discovery of two smoothing-irons, which had evidently been used by the mother in killing the children. One was found standing on a table, the other on a stove. The bottoms of both were clotted with human blood, to which a few light hairs clung tenaciously.

The hammer with which Mrs. Dwyer struck her husband was obtained from the Slavins. The names of the murdered children are Jemmy, Maggie, and Timothy. The girl was seven years of age, her brother Jemmy had reached his fourth year, and Timothy was but a baby, one year and nine months old. That the unfortunate mother was insane at the time of the act there appears to be very little doubt. After the birth of her second child she had an attack of typhoid fever which affected her brain and obliged her confinement in Flatbush Lunatic Asyium for a short time. Mrs. Dwyer is much younger than her husband, but they lived happily together since their marriage, in 1867, until the commencement of the coopers' strike. Dwyer, though he drank sometimes, was an industrious man, and treated his family well. After the first few weeks of the strike their money was exhausted and want began to stare them in the face. The rent was unpaid, and that last weighed on the mind of Mrs. Dwyer, who was peculiarly sensitive about money matters. To be in debt made her life miserable, and within the past few weeks her family was deprived of many of the necessaries of life owing to their straitened circumstances.

A Banditti Game.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* says, in speaking of the recent capture of Vasquez: "Vasquez stated to Major Mitchell that if he had $40,000 and the kind and quantity of arms he required, he could revolutionize the entire southern portion of the State. It is believed that this has been the objective point of his scheme. A boldly conceived plot of his was an attempt to plunder the Paymaster's car on the Southern Pacific Railway. He heard that on a certain day the pay car would traverse the road attached to the regular train. Accordingly he gathered about him the bravest of his band and prepared to attack and despoil it. The banditti selected a spot between San Jose and Gilroy, known as 'The Divide.' The plan included the cutting and removal of a section of the rail. This was the first exercise on the programme. The characteristic laziness of the Californians delayed their preparations, and, as the train was ten minutes ahead of time, the affair was an utter failure. As the train approached, the members of the band were busily engaged in damaging the track. It came thundering down and past them as they sprang back, and whisked out of their reach ere any harm could be accomplished. The officials on the train noticed the bandits and divined the true reason of their presence. On the evening of the same day the tragedy at Tres Pinos occurred."

A man in Newark has a singing cat. It is a cat-o'-nine-tails, and sings every time he swings it on his boy's back, while the boy comes in on the chorus.

Island of Grand Menan.

The rocky cliffs of the coast of Maine have within recent years attained an unwonted notoriety. Mount Desert, as a place of summer resort, threatens to rival Newport and the White Mountains. A few years ago the beauty of its mountains and the picturesque ruggedness of its shores were little known, but now the lovers of the wild and the romantic throng every summer in great numbers to enjoy its singular charms. It is the only place along our coast where mountain, and cliff, and sea, are united in the scenic make-up.

But already visitors to Mount Desert hear of grander and more rugged cliffs that mark the shores of an island lying some eighty miles to the northward; and whispers are uttered of a popular future of a place that hitherto has been scarcely known excepting to a few fishermen. This island is called Grand Menan. It lies a little southeast of Eastport, is some twenty miles in length and about five miles in width. Unlike Mount Desert, there are no mountains, but the shores lift in tall, weird, scarred, singularly marked cliffs and escarpments. The highest part of the island is at the northern end, where the cliffs rise to a height of four hundred feet. At the southern extremity they are about a hundred feet less in height.

Menan is an Indian word, meaning island. Champlain, in 1605, passed the island in one of his voyages, and speaks of it as a *Manthane* but in another instance calls it *Manasne*. Down to the period of the Revolution it was inhabited only by Indians, but now a number of fishermen's villages have grown up on its shores, the total number of its inhabitants being set down at eighteen hundred. There are sailing packets connected with the place once a week. The distance is very short—not more than nine miles—yet it sometimes takes a week to get across the comparatively narrow channel. Fogs abound here; the tides are terribly swift and strong; gales are frequent; and these unite to retard the progress of a sailing vessel. When the big cliffs go up, regular steamers will, of course, remove this difficulty, and render the island easily accessible.

There is a fascination in high, seawashed cliffs surpassing almost anything else in Nature. The sea chafes incessantly at their bases, tearing down masses of cyclopean rocks into their depth, eating out channels, and caves, and long galleries, carving out pinnacles and strange fantastic monuments—the rocks forever set hard and defiant against the restless waves, the waves forever gaining something upon the frowning wall. Then, the wild birds that hover about the rocky eminence; the strange marine creatures that find habitation in the caves and recesses; the fogs that come up from the sea and envelop crag and highland, sail and cove, sky and space, in their dense shroud; the breezes that blow rich with the salted flavor of the Atlantic, and fill the lungs with an ecstatic glow, like that of champagne in the blood; the freshness, the freeziness, the expanse, the wild ruggedness, the untamed chafing of the sea, and the untamed defiance of the rocks; the sails that come and go with such free exultant spirit—all these things make up a scenic drama full of delicious charm. For the artist, the sportsman, the adventurer, the shores of Menan are a great attraction; by and by they will become famous with the great multitude of pleasure-seekers.—*Appleton's.*

Wooden Artillery.

Few narratives of sieges are more entertaining than that given in the Seir Mutakhereen, of a fort which was defended by the use of wooden artillery, and defended effectually, in one of Abdungzebe's campaigns in the Deccan. The commandant was nearly unprovided with cannon, having only one or two effective pieces. The town, however, was a great mart for timber. The governor, securing both the timber and the carpenters, garnished his ramparts with wooden imitations of cannon; and being fully supplied with most other requisites when the imperial army arrived, put a good face on the business.

He did more, too, for he kept the secret within his own walls; and the enemy, suspecting the number of his train, commenced their approaches in due form, affording him thus abundance of leisure to mature his plan of defense. Every piece, as soon as fired, became, of course, unserviceable, but he immediately replaced it by a new one.

No foundry ever produced more guns in a year than this man's ingenuity did in one siege. The enemy, tired out at last with the obstinate defense which he made from his batteries, determined to carry the place by escalade in open day. Having failed, however, in some similar enterprises, a neighboring saint was procured, who was to head the attack, and, by the sanctity of his character, to inspire the soldiers with greater zeal in a desperate cause. The holy man was raised on a platform, and carried in the rear of the forlorn hope.

The governor's good luck still adhered to him. A shot from a wooden gun, when the escaladers were nearly close to the walls, knocked down the saint, on which the party took to their heels. A delay ensued; the siege was at last raised; and the commandant covered with glory.

On the Briny.

The Danbury *News* man details the incidents of his temporary sojourn on the briny wave. He says: "We shipped the first sea on the fourth day. An elderly gentleman with eye-glasses had his starboard end to the intruder at the time, busily engaged peering at the horizon from beneath one of the lifeboats. It struck him on the beam, and filled his coat-tail pockets with salt water. 'Helen Blazes,' said he, and stepped down stairs to see her. The fearful and continuous rolling of the vessel was the cause of painful and ludicrous accidents, of course. The intellectual man with long brown overcoat that touched his heels, and sharp, inquiring eye that seemed to reach into everything, was knocked off his feet by a wave, and besides being drenched to the skin, was driven out of sight under a life-boat. I enjoyed that trip better than he did. One of the stewards—a bald-headed gentleman—was 'teetering' along the deck with a plate of highly-seasoned beef in one hand and a cup of hot tea in the other, when a sudden lurch of the vessel lifted him into the air, and drove him with great violence against the guards. The spiced beef and fork were never heard of again, but the tea he saved by catching it under his collar. One lady was cut in the head, and one gentleman broke a number of his legs, but was out again in an hour, eating a Welsh rarebit."

Gigantic Strike in England.

The most serious strike ever remembered in the North of England is now in progress at the Durham pits, whereby nine-tenths of the collieries of South Durham are laid idle. The gigantic character of this strike, and the blighting effects which, if it continues, it will exercise upon the great coal and iron industries of the North, will be best realized when it is stated that South Durham is the largest coal producing district in England, the total annual production approaching 18,000,000 tons. These pits employ from 35,000 to 40,000 persons. Depending upon the coal and coke from these collieries is the great iron industry of Cleveland, South Durham, and largely that of Barrow and Cumberland. The chief centers of the trade are in the neighborhood of Middlesbrough and Darlington, and if the collieries remain idle a great number of men will be thrown out of work in the iron trade. The leading colliery offices of South Durham are situated at Darlington. Of Pease's eleven pits only one is at work, whilst there is scarcely an exception amongst the fourteen pits of Bolckow, Vanghan & Co. Other smaller colliery proprietors have closed their pits. At the large collieries of the Weardale Iron Company, at Consett, and also at some at New Copley belonging to Fryer, Grieveson & Co., the men are at work, as notices of the reduction have not yet expired.

XLIIId UNITED STATES CONGRESS.

IN THE SENATE.

BILLS PASSED.

Mr. Edmund's motion to strike out the proviso was rejected, and the bill was then passed, yeas 25; nays 17.

To revise and consolidate the statutes of the United States in force on Dec. 1, 1873.

To set apart a certain portion of the island of Mackinac in the straits of Mackinac, Michigan, as a national park.

Granting a pension of $50 per month to Louisa A. Canby, the widow of the late Gen. E. R. S. Canby.

Appropriating $25,000 for a Naval Monument, and providing that it shall be placed in the public grounds of Washington, D. C.

The Military Academy bill passed.

The Indian Appropriation bill was passed.

A CONTESTED SEAT.

The Alabama contested election case was decided in favor of Mr. Spencer, the present incumbent.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

An amendment providing for woman suffrage in the District of Columbia gave rise to a long debate, and was finally rejected; the bill was then rejected, 19 to 29.

ON ELECTIONS.

Mr. Morton, from the Committee on Privileges and Elections, reported back the resolution of the Senate of March 10, 1873, instructing the committee to examine and report upon the best and most practicable mode of electing the President and Vice-President, and providing a tribunal to adjust and decide all contested questions connected therewith, with a lengthy written report, which was ordered to be printed and placed on the calendar.

IN THE HOUSE.

BILLS PASSED.

The bill which repeals the law on which the Sheldon contract was passed was passed without a division and without objection.

The bill providing that the pay of a deceased member shall be given to the widow or heirs at law, up to the date of election of his successor, whose pay shall commence from his election, was passed.

Mr. Butler reported the bill removing the political disabilities of Raphael Semmes, of Alabama. Passed.

The bill providing that no person shall serve as a juror in the United States courts who cannot read and write the English language, was passed.

The Tariff bill, with some slight amendments was passed.

The bill relieving savings banks that have a capital stock from the payment of the tax on deposits, as in the case of savings banks, having no capital, was passed.

LAID ON TABLE.

Mr. Potter, of New York, reported back adversely the petition that the 12th of April, being Abraham Lincoln's birthday, be declared a national holiday; also the petition for the election of United States Senators by the popular suffrage. Tabled.

Mr. Poland, of Vt., from committee, reported back adversely a bill and petitions asking for woman suffrage. Laid on the table.

Mr. Frye, from committee, reported adversely to a bill to define a legal day's work in certain cases, and to fix a minimum rate of compensation therefor.

THE POLARIS.

Mr. Scofield, of Pa., from the Committee on Naval Affairs, reported a bill for the relief of Mercy Ann Hall, widow of Capt. Hall, of the Polaris, to pay her $1,836, the amount of his pay up to the 31st of December, 1873, when the officers and crew of the Polaris were paid off, and to authorize the purchase of his papers of prior explorations at a cost not exceeding $15,000. Passed.

FINANCE.

Mr. Maynard reported a substitute for the Senate amendments to the Currency bill, and it was rejected; the Senate substitute was then rejected by a vote of 70 yeas to 101 nays, and the whole subject referred to a Conference Committee.

BILLS INTRODUCED.

For an amendment of the Constitution, so as to provide for the election of Senators by the people.

To admit free of duty merchandise sunk for two years and afterward recovered.

THE CENTENNIAL.

The House concurred in the Senate amendment to the bill providing that the United States shall not be liable, directly or indirectly, for any expenses attending the exhibition.

THE MORMONS.

Mr. Paland called up the bill in relation to Judicial affairs in Utah, and after a long discussion it was passed. The object of the bill is to vest the Mormon women with the rights and privileges enjoyed by citizens of other localities, thus taking the legislation of the territory from Mormon and giving it into Gentile hands.

Fire-Resisting Powers of Solid Wood.

Captain Shaw, of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, London, made a very instructive experiment lately on a wooden "story post," with a section of the beams and other parts surrounding it above and below. This post had been subjected to the full action of a fire in a burning building for not less than four and a half hours. In the experiment it was set on end in the open yard exactly as it had stood in the burned building to which it originally belonged, with the pedestal underneath, the cap above, and the beam above the cap. More than a ton of shavings, light wood, and heavy wood was then placed around it, and after saturating the whole heap with petroleum, a light was applied. During the progress of the fire a large quantity of petroleum and turpentine was pumped upon it, which, with the other combustibles, gave a heat almost equal to that of a blast furnace. At the end of two and a half hours the post and beam were withdrawn, and soon ceased to burn. On sawing the post in two at a point where it had suffered most damage from the fire, the wood was found to be pitch pine, and the section showed that after being exposed to a furious heat of seven hours there was still uninjured wood enough left to carry the weight originally put upon the post. The lesson the author draws is this: "A massive story post of even the most inflammable wood is absolutely proof against any heat which can be applied to it, will not of itself burn at all, but requires a continual supply of highly inflammable substances to keep it burning, and when this supply is withdrawn, ceases to burn; and lastly, after being exposed for seven hours to flames of very great intensity, it is not injured to a greater depth than about two inches from the original surface, and still shows a centre as sound as when first put up."

A Georgia Heroine.

The following graphic description of the real jewels of the fair South is given by a paper printed in the State of Georgia: "Among the many visitors who came to our city to sell their country produce, was a young lady from an adjoining county who had chickens, eggs and butter for sale. Her beauty was of transcendent excellence. Bright, flashing, intellectual eyes, and face round and rosy, while her calico dress was plain and neatly made, and fitted her like the bud. Her rich black hair flowed in luxuriant richness. Highly educated, she conversed fluently, and deported herself with becoming modesty. She wore no false bustle or purchased complexion; had no top-knot on her head, or false fixings to present, but stood in the majestic beauty of a created intelligence that would not yield to the despotic dictates of frivolous fashion. It has been a long time since we gazed upon such a sight. The young men crowded around her wagon with curiosity in their eyes and admiration in their hearts. The old men wept for joy that there was one who had not bowed to Baal. She sold her country produce, went home and milked the cows, cooked supper for ten farm laborers, and went to church that night with her sweetheart."

The Benders.

After all the arrests that have been made of persons supposed to belong to the Bender family, who committed so many murders in Kansas, all of that family are still at large. The person arrested in Utah recently as the elder Bender, and who, it was reported, had been satisfactorily identified, proves to be a demented old man of the name of Koch. The county attorney for Labette county, Kansas, publishes a description of the senior Bender, in which the criminal is described as a man having an intelligent countenance and resembling in no wise the vagrants so frequently taken for members of the Bender family. He adds that all of the Benders, notwithstanding their fiendish nature, appear agreeable and pleasant in their manners, and, as they are supplied with money, it is not likely that they will be found acting the part of fools or vagrants.

Staying and Going. Mrs. Stumpy: "That is the a'mond tree, my lady. It always flowers before it leaves; it leaves directly after it flowers; and after it leaves, it stays the summer through just as you see it."

A TALENTED SWINDLER.

An Able Effort to Revive the Sawdust Counterfeit Money Game.

One of the rogues who operated the famous "sawdust swindle" in New York, the *Sun*, says is now endeavoring to revive that once profitable business. He has sent through the mails circulars so seductively written, and so marked in improvement on those which inaugurated the game, that the fools are certain to respond numerously. Prefacing his offer to send counterfeit money by express for ten cents on a dollar, he says:

"I hope that after I have placed confidence enough in you to send to you a circular of this kind relating the nature of my business, that you would not be so treacherous as to even breathe the contents of this document to a living being; should you betray me I will find means to be avenged in a way perhaps you would not dream of."

Further along he drops into confidential advice about how to be successful in passing counterfeit money, and especially insists:

"A person in a business of this character must be true to themselves and as true as steel to the person they are doing business with. You should always abstain from the use of strong drink, for in that there in great danger, as a person knows not what he might say when drunk. You should also keep the secret of the business as still as the grave, not even hint it to your relations or breathe it to your second self."

Then he tells how he was once an engraver in the Government employ, and so was enabled to produce duplicate plates of greenbacks. From these he can print bogus money that the best experts pronounce genuine. To quiet wonderment as to why he wishes to sell counterfeits for ten cents on a dollar that will so readily pass at par he explains thus:

"I deposited a few days since a large amount of my money in six different banks in New York; they all accepted it without saying a word. My money being all new I thought it would not be advisable to deposit any more for fear they might think something wrong. When it is deposited in banks there should be other money that has been in use mixed with it, then there will be no suspicion. I now need only a few true men to assist me for six months, then we will secure a fortune that will enable us to enjoy all the pleasures."

He says he will send any amount of the counterfeits carefully packed in boxes—which the fools will of course find filled with nothing but sawdust or paper—and the express company will collect on delivery. He signs himself "G. R. Wilbur, 682 Broadway, New York Post Office, New York." The East River National Bank is at 682 Broadway, and no G. R. Wilbur is known to anybody in the building.

A Trustworthy Agent.

Earl W. Barney was an Express messenger on the New York Express, which left Chicago and ran off the track and was burned at Valparaiso. A local paper says:

"He was jammed in among a confused mass of valuable freight and the iron money-safe or trunk, of which he was in special charge, was thrown upon him, nearly crushing him to death. A colored baggage-master succeeded in extricating Barney from the perilous position he occupied before the flames of the burning car got well under way. The heroic messenger, more dead than alive from his terrible injuries, declined all offers of assistance in enabling him to reach a house, and went to work and got the safe out of the car, and nearly all the express freight; then he sat down on his safe, and to all inquiries as to the contents returned evasive answers, utterly refusing to leave until relieved by an employe of the Adams Express Company, who did not arrive until two hours had elapsed. Poor Barney was conveyed to his home, where he now lies, a complete physical wreck, and it will be months before he will be able to get off from his bed."

THROUGH ALL THE AGES of study and investigation which have marked the path of scientific discovery, one especially alluring object has tempted the inquiries and speculations of philosophers. It is what the wizards and witches of olden time, the jugglers of India, soothsayers of Arabia, Magi of Egypt, necromancers of Turkey and the Orient, and alchemists of civilized Europe have sought, but sought in vain—*a vegetable non-poisonous Elixir*, which, by cleansing the blood, removing from the system all impurities, strengthening the nerves, the muscles, and the brain, and vitalizing every fibre of the system, should bid defiance to the corroding hand of disease.

Dr. Walker, of California, discovered an herb, the properties of which, if they do not entirely fulfill all the conditions above mentioned, have at least proved themselves efficacious in all of them; this herb Doctor Walker has made an ingredient in his famous VINEGAR BITTERS, which can be obtained of any wholesale Druggist throughout the country.—*Com.*

DECLINES IT.—Congressman Sawyer, of Wisconsin, declines to be a candidate for another term. He says: At the expiration of my present term I shall have served ten years in Congress, and I cannot but think that if it is a good thing to have been there I ought not to have it any longer, and if it is a tax to have it, then I ought not to be asked to be a candidate.

A deranged stomach and impure blood force human beings into a melancholy state; they do not enjoy life and are not in a fit condition to do business successfully. One of the best remedies extant is VEGETINE, which has acquired a reputation as wide as the country itself, and is extensively known all over the globe. This remedy has been extensively advertised, but its cures have sold it at a more rapid rate than the newspapers. The latter serve to bring it to public notice, but like all medicines or inventions it has been found to stand the test of trial and time, and its rapid sale shows how strong a hold it has gained.—*Com.*

Habitual constipation leads to the following results: Inflammation of the kidneys, sick and nervous headache, biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, piles, loss of appetite and strength; all of which may be avoided by the use of Parsons' Purgative Pills mildly for four or six weeks.—*Com.*

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment may be used to advantage where any Liniment is desirable. In cases of severe cramps and pains in the stomach, it is undoubtedly the best article that can be used internally.—*Com.*

The best tonic—PERUVIAN SYRUP.—*Com.*

Means What He Says.

Though "confirmations strong as proofs of Holy Writ" and as numerous as the sands on sea shore, were produced to prove that the proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is in earnest, and *means* what he says, when he offers $500 reward for any case of Catarrh which he cannot cure, yet there would be some skeptics and fogies who would continue to shout "*Humbug!*" "HUMBUG!!!" "It cannot be, because Dr. Homespun says Catarrh cannot be cured." Now, this Dr. Homespun is the identical, good-natured old fellow who honestly believes and persists in declaring that the earth is not round or spherical, but as flat as a "slap-jack," and does not turn over, otherwise the water would all be spilled out of Deacon Bascom's mill pond. But astronomical science has positively demonstrated and proven that Dr. Homespun is wrong in supposing the earth to be flat and stationary, and medical science is daily proving the fact that he is no less mistaken and behind the times in regard to the curability of Catarrh. In short it has been positively proven that this world wonder, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy *is progressive*—the opinion of Dr. Homespun to the contrary notwithstanding. That Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure Catarrh, thousands who have used it satisfactorily can testify.

Then buy it, and use it, in doubt do not stand. You will find it in drug stores all over the land.

[From the Catskill Recorder of Nov. 15, 1872.]

A GOOD REMEDY.

We invite attention to the advertisement of Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Our readers will bear us witness that we never knowingly commend humbugs of any name or nature, and a large portion of patent medicines may safely be classed as impositions upon public cred